

THE Canadian FORUM

40th Year of Issue

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Fifty Cents

Arthur Meighen

EUGENE FORSEY

► MOST OF the tributes to Arthur Meighen have dwelt, and with reason, on the marvellous clarity and precision of his mind, on his amazing memory, on his superb command of English, on his unsurpassed power as a debater, on his unswerving integrity. His personal friends have borne witness to his kindness, his generosity, his loyalty, his sense of humor, his modesty and unpretentiousness, his lack of rancour or bitterness even under disappointments which might well have soured even a far less sensitive man.

But there has been one false note and one note missing.

The false note has been the alleged contrast between his unvaried victories in Parliament and his unvaried defeats at the polls: a brilliant parliamentarian but unpopular leader.

The best that can be said of this, I think, is "not proven." He led the Conservative party in three elections. In the first, he suffered shattering defeat; but what government in any country after the first war fared better? Could any Conservative have won the election of 1921? Could any other Conservative have done even as well as Meighen?

Four years later, in spite of incessant sapping and mining against his leadership, he had recreated the Conservative organization outside Quebec, and proceeded to sweep the rest of the country, taking 112 of the 180 seats. Quebec was the one exception to an electoral triumph; and Quebec was the one province where he had not appeared, let alone spoken or campaigned. He did not fail there; he was not allowed to try. The "Montreal tycoons" of the party, who hated and feared him, succeeded in keeping him out, and, with fatuous self-confidence, ran a campaign of their own which it would be flattering to dignify by the term "failure."

Meighen lost the election of 1926, though he increased the Conservative popular vote. He lost it partly because Mr. King and his followers and allies trumpeted up and down the country that Lord Byng had tried to relegate Canada to the status of a Crown colony, ruled by Downing Street, and because Mr. King carefully concealed the fact that he himself had "repeatedly" "suggested" and "urged" (his own words, in his letter of resignation) that he should cable Downing Street for instructions, and Byng had refused. Had King been man enough to admit during the campaign what Mr. Cahan forced him to admit in the House of Commons after it was over, there might have been a very different tale to tell.

Did Meighen's followers, after 1926, think that he had failed as a party leader? No. There is ample evidence that, at the Convention of 1927, he could have

had the leadership again for the asking (the *Montreal Gazette* was scared blue that he would get it even without asking); and masses of Conservatives from every province begged him to take it.

If Meighen was a failure as a party leader, then why did his opponents go on pursuing him with the bitterness and mendacity they did? Politicians don't waste powder and shot like this on a failure.

The missing note in the tributes has been that no one, as far as I have seen, has said anything about the radicalism with which he terrified the rank and fashion of the Conservative party in his early years, and which he never quite lost. To the present generation, Meighen was pre-eminently the defender of the status quo, the last hope of the stern and unbending Tories. But when he was leader, he was the rising hope of the progressive young Conservatives; and in Montreal it was possible to acquire, in orthodox Conservative circles, a reputation as a "Bolshevik" simply by praising or defending Meighen. I know; I did. Very few people now recall that there was such a period in Meighen's career. What is more surprising is that very few recall, or know, that he not only approved Bennett's New Deal of 1935, but piloted the bills through the Senate, and strengthened them in the process. He feared Socialism. He detested what he thought was the "Welfare State." But he was very far from being simply a doctrinaire "free enterpriser," or a "reactionary"; he nationalized three railways; and he was ready to support, and did support, any legislation which he was convinced would really promote welfare.

He was, in short, a man too great, and too various, to

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be fitted into any little pigeon-hole. Those of us who felt compelled to disagree with him on many public questions may not remember, or care to remember, "all he spoke" among us; but we shall do well to remember "the man who spoke: who never sold the truth to serve the hour, Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power."

The Last CCF Roundup

D. M. FISHER

► CANADA IS SUCH a sprawl that any viable, national organization is sure to have one man as its executive or managerial heart. Since the eclipse of J. S. Woodsworth in the early '40s, that one dominating person in the CCF party has been David Lewis, now a prosperous Toronto labor lawyer. First as national secretary, then as president, the stocky, rumble-voiced Lewis has been able to sway the CCF according to his views, always fortunate in the friendly influence he had through M. J. Coldwell and Stanley Knowles on the words and direction of CCF members of parliament. Since 1959, this latter influence has waned; thus the ructions at the recent CCF convention in Regina.

The flare-up of rank and file delegates has been interpreted as a slap at the CCF brass or, more particularly, at Mr. Lewis and his henchman, Stanley Knowles. If so, it was a last slap at Mr. Lewis, for the delegates, in successfully demanding the right to choose a national leader, did so immediately after they had approved Mr. Lewis' most daring project. They voted unanimously and with few voiced misgivings to end the CCF by throwing it into a new alignment with labor, the birth to take place in mid-1961. Then they got their wish, a new "national leader" in Hazen Argue, M.P. After this, Messrs. Lewis and Knowles were re-elected to the top posts. Since Mr. Lewis is the fairest-haired friend most labor leaders have, it is unlikely that the rebuff of his scheme to leave the CCF leadership vacant will have much effect, especially on the New Party proposals.

One may reflect, however, that the CCF is an oddly grateful party. Apparently nothing succeeds in it like failure. Continually one hears in the CCF: "What does David say?" or "What does David think?" Mr. Lewis has tried several times without success to get elected to Parliament. Since he became the party master-mind, it has made no significant national gains. After the debacle of election night, March, 1958, Mr. Lewis took such energetic steps that two weeks later, the Canadian Labour Congress in convention swept through a resolution, authored by Mr. Lewis, which called for a new political party (avowedly to replace the reeling Liberals) made up of the CCF, the labor movement, farm organizations, professional people and other "liberally-minded persons." After 28 months of effort and agitation, the only solid gain for the New Party has been the CCF. Farm organizations have openly rejected the cause. Those amorphous characters, the liberally-minded, may be ready to go but not a single prominent Canadian who might fit such a category has declared himself. The reaction of organized labor has ranged from enthusiasm to hostility. Three big unions, Steel, UAW, and Bill Smith's railway workers are in; the Catholic syndicates, Mine Mill, the railway running trades, the Teamsters, the SIU, the pulp and paper unions, and most of the craft unions are out.

When one scans this record, along with the resurgence of Liberal strength, it is hard to see the last CCF convention as other than a Lewis triumph. One reason for the docility of the CCF, of course, is their great confidence in Mr. Lewis. Many union bosses who regard him highly are in charge of unions which have so far eschewed the New Party vision. If Mr. Lewis should be a successful candidate for leadership of the New Party, there is every chance he may bring in more of the recalcitrants. Two seats in the Toronto area, York South and York Centre have large Jewish populations which could swing behind Lewis, if he fought a vigorous campaign.

The probable secret of Lewis' success with the CCF is the relative precision of his rather harsh, class-conscious, newspaper-baiting socialism compared with the fuzziness of most Canadian socialists. Then he has a capacity for winning close friends and disciples, amongst them, Premier Tommy Douglas, Professor Frank Scott, the Ontario CCF leader MacDonald. There is little doubt that the Lewis dream is centered on Douglas as leader of the New Party. There were two main arguments against choosing a national leader for the CCF now, according to the proponents of the CCF's national council's compromise. It might inhibit Douglas from responding to a draft, especially if a Saskatchewan man like Argue was elevated. The other view was that it would be a form of impertinence to the labor unions coming to the founding convention. These would arrive without a political leader and the existence of a CCF leader in being might embarrass or anger them. Some suspicious minds, including mine, felt that the real reason for blocking Argue was to keep him from gaining any marked advantage over contenders other than Premier Douglas, contenders such as Mr. Lewis or Mr. Knowles.

Hazen Argue is a career politician. Just 40 years of age, he has fifteen years in the House of Commons, a solid knowledge of agricultural problems, a likable, easy-going private personality, and a tough, lusty public manner in parliament or on the platform. He has remarkable stamina, a consuming ambition, an attractive, politically-minded wife, and the basic need for any left-wing politician: a strong constituency sense and so a

A Story of Courage and Determination . . .

REMEMBER NURSE

by Donalda McKillop Copeland
as told to Eugenie Louise Myles

When nurse Copeland and her welfare officer husband arrived at the lonely Arctic outpost, they knew their mission among the Eskimos was not an easy one. This sick and struggling people needed medical attention, education—and some measure of hope. Here is a heart warming biography with food for thought.

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THE RYERSON PRESS

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capacity for re-election. His faults are an impatience with study or political theorizing, a physical restlessness which keeps him bouncing in all directions, and a tendency to give in to strong pressure from more cocksure people than himself. This latter characteristic explains his acceptance of the Council compromise. This would have amended the CCF constitution to create the posts of "honorary national leader" for M. J. Coldwell and "parliamentary leader" for Argue himself.

Mr. Argue's colleagues in the House of Commons were not in agreement on his possibilities as leader. Erhart Regier and Murdo Martin were publicly supporting an ex-MP, Winnipegger Alistair Stewart. When the compromise was announced these MPs were enraged because it meant their man, Stewart, would have no opportunity to run against Argue. The other members of the federal caucus supported Argue and were bitter that his candidacy was blocked. While the MPs have only nominal influence with the CCF hierarchy, they choose Mr. Argue as House leader and he must live with them. Mr. Argue was scheduled to give a report to the convention on his work in parliament. When he announced that he had accepted the compromise on the leadership there was a slight patter of applause. But he went on to say that he must report that his caucus colleagues wanted a leadership contest. Loud huzzahs went up. It was apparent that the compromise would be defeated. Mr. Lewis and his associates spent a futile night lobbying, put through the New Party deal next morning, and then accepted with tight-lipped grace the end of their leadership solution. The delegates acclaimed Mr. Argue as leader; Mr. Stewart ghosted into the shadows after about-facing and supporting the leadership compromise. This will probably leave him in better odour with the executive than is Mr. Argue and his friends in parliament.

In the months ahead, Mr. Argue must produce real leadership and a public image of greater capacity, if he wishes to stand any chance against either Lewis or Knowles as national leader. Unless the unexpected happens, in a Douglas departure from Saskatchewan for federal wars, there is certain to be a strenuous leadership tussle at the Founding Convention.

There were two other highlights at the convention. Premier Douglas gave a magnificent banquet address on the role of socialism in the affluent society. His argument paralleled that of Richard Crossman in his recent Fabian tract. It would make a persuasive basis for a federal party policy, if it had someone of Mr. Douglas' talents to put it over. The other interesting development was a long debate over NATO, NORAD, and neutralism which held the greatest interest for a sizable crowd of young people. Youth was served when it forced through a resolution calling for the rejection of NATO alliances and an emphasis on an independent Canadian foreign policy. Even an impassioned plea from Premier Douglas could not block this move.

So the last CCF convention has been held. Despite the hearty affirmations that the "movement" was not dead but only due to be "born again," bigger and better than ever, with a surer chance for power, a nostalgia and regret was the mood of many of the older participants. They seized upon the leadership issue as an outlet for their fears. Once this issue had been decided there was a quick relapse back into confidence in Mr. Lewis and the uncharted future of socialism in Canada.

Watch Mr. Argue as national CCF leader. His actions and policies may determine how much of the old will survive in the new.

SNOWBOUND

The hidden man desired much
to carry wind
in woven baskets
reed wrapped to stillest places up.
Now he lies
a stalk of stubble
bound in white snow under.

Brook full of light he wished to run
ruling water
with a dappled wand
dippering murmur into the sea.
But manacle
ice has seized his hand
and held him down to size.

The hidden man desired much
to weave tangles
of sunlight in corn hairs
fruiting when autumn moons are red.
But hope died
dungeoned in fastness
if winter comes what?

Robin Mathews

POEM

Burns blood and bone
Bound by book and bench
When I would be enplaned
For Cairo, Khartoum, Rome, Avignon
To explore in each Hecatic city
This runed love
Which we first came upon
In bright discovery.

Richard E. Du Wors

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CURRENT COMMENT

The Entrenchment of the Bill of Rights

The Canadian federal Bill of Rights is now law, passed in the dying days of the parliamentary session in August. Of all the criticisms raised against the Bill since its introduction in September 1958, clearly none has been so universal as the view that the federal government should have made every effort to "entrench" the bill against future legislative infringement, to incorporate it into the Canadian constitution.

Insofar as this criticism has been directed against the final draft of the Bill, it involves both a misunderstanding and an issue of supreme importance. As for the misunderstanding, the new Bill of Rights is undoubtedly part of the constitution of Canada. Any measure regulating in so fundamental a way the relationship between government and the citizen is necessarily part of the constitution, just as surely as if it had been entitled a British North America Act, the title given to most—but not all—of our previous constitutional amendments.

But there is a separate problem. The written constitution, especially since 1949, has both rigid and flexible components, the latter being capable of amendment by any ordinary statute. The general view—and undoubtedly the correct one—is that fundamental civil liberties should be protected against infringements, whether accidental or deliberate, at the whim of a later parliament. Such protection requires legal entrenchment of a bill of rights, and this is the problem that has now passed on to be considered by the Federal-Provincial Constitutional Conference that meets this autumn. Its action—or even inaction—on the matter may well prove to be one of the most decisive acts in the whole of our constitutional history.

Just what sort of entrenchment the Canadian Bill of Rights ought to have is not an easy question to answer. There are several alternatives, each with its advantages and disadvantages. To begin with, the Bill already passed is not just an ordinary statute, but contains in its final draft a form of entrenchment of its own, for which the government is certainly to be commended. Section 2 of the Act provides that a federal law shall not be applied so as to infringe any of the rights or freedoms enumerated "unless it is expressly declared by an Act of the Parliament of Canada that it shall operate notwithstanding the Canadian Bill of Rights." In other words, if these words mean what they say, any future statute that apparently infringes the liberties recognized in the Bill of Rights must be interpreted by the courts so as not to infringe these liberties. If for any reason parliament should wish to infringe these liberties, there must be an express declaration of parliament's intention to derogate from the Bill of Rights to that extent. For such infringing statutes, one more condition in the legislative process must be met before such a measure can become a statute valid in the eyes of the courts.

The possible effect of this clause should not be underestimated. I can think of no other case in modern English-speaking jurisprudence in which a statute lays down a special condition that future derogations from

it must fulfill, though the principle was recognized at one time in the French constitutional law of the old regime. Whether the principle will win judicial acceptance is of course not yet clear, but it is greatly to be hoped that it will. In the event that no more effective means of entrenchment is agreed upon, the judiciary have it in their power now to protect the Canadian Bill of Rights against all but the most determined and bare-faced attempts at infringement by the federal parliament. Under normal circumstances such attempts would take considerable political audacity or ineptitude.

When entrenchment of the Bill of Rights has been discussed previously, it has almost invariably meant full-scale entrenchment by incorporation into the British North America Act, with full provincial concurrence, by means of a joint address to the United Kingdom Parliament. The Conservative Party, still living down its partially undeserved reputation of an imperially inclined party, is understandably reluctant to broach this question, but it might be willing to do so if the initiative came from the provinces. After the recent change of government in Quebec the time may be propitious for a new canvassing of provincial opinions.

The one overwhelming argument for an agreement that would bring in the provinces is that so many infringements of freedom in Canada originate at the provincial level. On the other hand to entrench a bill of rights so thoroughly as to require unanimous provincial consent to a change would mean in effect a complete surrender to judicial interpretation, and this course has its dangers too. The entrenchment of a bill of rights in the British North America Act ought, therefore, to be accompanied by a satisfactory amending procedure for the Act as a whole, rigid enough to protect minority interests without stultifying normal social change.

All in all, it appears unlikely that unanimous agreement on so complex a matter will be reached this autumn. The federal government, now secure with its own bill, is unlikely to press the provinces very strongly. A weak measure representing only the freedoms presently agreeable to all provinces might in the long run be more of a detriment than an advantage to the cause of civil liberties in Canada.

Should the Conference fail to agree, this need not be the end of the matter, or even an excuse for delay. Individual provinces are free to enact in their own jurisdiction either a suitably modified version of the federal Bill of Rights or a new one of their own devising, for federalism offers an excellent opportunity to achieve a given end by a variety of ways. It would be open to any provincial government, as it is open to the federal government now, to consider several possible means of entrenching such a measure by unilateral action. To mention only a few of the main methods used elsewhere, it could be provided that amendments to a bill of rights would have to be passed (1) by a special majority of the legislature, or (2) by a joint sitting of the legislature (if it is bicameral), or (3) by legislative action together with a popular referendum, with or without special majorities, or (4) by various combinations of the above procedures. There is scarcely space here to examine the merits of these procedures, but until the courts have thoroughly tested the form of entrenchment that has been inserted in the present federal Bill of Rights it would be rash to say that the present formula expressed in Clause 2 is notably inferior.

The point to note—and this applies to constitutional changes generally—is that the process of entrenchment adopted need not be unduly rigid in all circumstances. To require a large majority to authorize a change is to submit to the possible tyranny of tomorrow's minority. The one essential thing is to establish a procedure for change in the entrenched area that differs in some distinctive way from the procedure for passing an ordinary statute. This ensures that ordinary statutes infringing on the entrenched area will be struck down by the courts, and that the legislature, when it does wish to act in this area, will do so deliberately, solemnly, and with full awareness of the importance of its action.

But the first move will be up to the Federal-Provincial Constitutional Conference.

K. D. MCRAE

UN Dilemma in the Congo

The evacuation of all Belgian troops from the Congo and their replacement by United Nations forces will be an important achievement. The former are a constant inflaming taunt to African nationalism in and beyond the Congo. Mr. Hammarskjold was right to describe the crisis caused by their presence in blunt terms of peace or war.

Yet when they are gone even greater problems will remain. It does not seem likely that Belgium and the Congo will negotiate an agreement whereby the Belgian civil servants will return to the Congo civil service. Nor is it likely that individual Belgians will elect in any number to return. Yet, unless they can be replaced, economic chaos and permanent collapse of the government services are inevitable. The UN is thus being drawn into becoming a colonial power itself. Such a development was attractive to many liberals in 1945 but today the financial, personnel, and administrative problems of such a role would be enormous and would be little less acceptable to African nationalism than straightforward colonial rule by a single power.

Mr. Hammarskjold has already asked that the UN should go beyond the enforcement of law and order to assume the wider responsibilities of other government services. He has, however, insisted that the UN force must not be concerned with internal political or constitutional problems. This is bound to be an artificial and untenable distinction. For one thing the African states which are participating in the UN effort are intimately concerned about Congo politics. A struggle for leadership amongst the independent African states has been under way for several years now. The leaders of the major African states are each anxious to have in power in the Congo a politician who will be allied with them. Ghana and Guinea are backing Premier Lumumba and there have been suggestions that Ghana might transfer her troops in the Congo from the UN command directly to the Congo government. Politics thus already affect the organization and operation of the UN force. With so many contributing nations having political interests within the Congo, it will be a major task to hold this force together and to maintain its claim to impartiality.

Within the Congo Premier Lumumba has declared that the Congo must be a unitary state and that he will destroy all separatist movements. Yet who is it that will

do the destroying? Not his party for it lacks a majority in three of the six provinces and it is not a highly organized political machine. Not the army for it has mutinied and his authority over it has not been re-established. Clearly he hopes that the United Nations will serve his political purposes by putting down his opponents if they rise up against him and by permitting him through what police forces he has and through the manipulation of the mob to suppress his opponents.

The UN will have only two choices. The first is to be Lumumba's armed agent in imposing a unitary state under his rule (or at least to being the passive witness to political repression by his government). The second is to use its authority to secure a new constitutional agreement acceptable to most Congolese leaders. Neither alternative is attractive to the UN. Seen as the only alternatives they are a sober reminder of the difficulties which face Mr. Hammarskjold in the Congo.

August 15, 1960

R. C. PRATT

RIDING HIGH

Shellman pump that gasoline,
birdman flies his kite tonight.
Zip, rip, the back wheels spin,
gasman duck those rocks that fly.
Clitter, clatter goes the patter of the gravel
on the paint.
"Is you is or is you ain't my baby" . . .
My radio
sucks from the blue air these wailing words.
Pedal down I go, go . . .
Roar, swish, growl, swinging free,
"O my country 'tis of thee."
Headlights probe the insect-night,
glinting as I rush
fox eyes in the bushes.

Tobacco swirled, dash-panel glowed
I go,
a bric-a-brac bundle of nerves
hurtling thru' the blossoming night,
high, higher over the apple trees.
Jack be nimble
Jack be strong,
Manalive, how she moves along.
Signs for steaks
Signs for beer
race me near, come and go,
but I go on for ever.
Diner Diner burning bright
in the hazy neon light.
Peasant here, peasant there,
quickly do a double take.
Thunderbirding New York arteries,
better than all those bloody parties.
The spiky indicator needle
pricks to life my deadened nerves.
Con-rod, con-man, one man, me
cabin cooped and surging thru'.

Powerful amid pistons I roar
thru' the great night
this bright and battering vandal.

Alan Pearson

Canadian Calendar

- The average provincial tax per person for the year ended last March 31 was \$78 in British Columbia, \$21 in Alberta, \$55 in Saskatchewan, \$30 in Manitoba, \$74 in Ontario, \$71 in Quebec, \$46 in New Brunswick, \$33 in Nova Scotia, 37 in Prince Edward Island and \$31 in Newfoundland.

- The committee of eight doctors appointed by Trade Minister Churchill in February, 1958, reports that funds available from private sources are insufficient for Canadian universities and hospitals to undertake adequate programs of medical research. A 33-page report proposes that the government channel more public funds into research by medical schools, and that the program be directed by a medical research council similar in setup to the National Research Council.

- The Government is getting its economic advice in monthly reports plus periodic forecasts for the months ahead. The annual economic outlook reports from government economists have been dropped.

- The United Kingdom will be provided later this year with 30,000 tons of Canadian wheat flour packaged for long storage, to be held in Britain for use in case of wartime emergency. When it is no longer fit for consumption, it will be replaced by the United Kingdom. Norway has already received 20,000 tons of wheat flour for the same purpose under an agreement with Canada concluded last spring.

- Prime Minister Diefenbaker's Canadian Bill of Rights was approved by the Commons August 4.

- A \$200,000 report prepared by Canadian Westinghouse Company Limited for the Crown company, Atomic Energy of Canada, Limited, says that at present the building of nuclear power stations in the Canadian north would increase the cost of electricity to northern residents by about 22 to 25 per cent. If a cheaper way were found to build small atomic power stations, if northern communities increased rapidly in size, or if the cost of fuel oil for conventional generating plants increased substantially, it might then become practicable to serve northern communities by means of atomic power stations.

- Salary increases from \$150 to \$620 a year, retroactive to July 1 have been announced for 12,000 trades and maintenance federal civil servants, including hospital orderlies, store men, firefighters and maintenance craftsmen.

- Openings in federal civil service personnel are mounting: Veteran's Affairs lists 223 professional jobs still unfilled, Agriculture needs 200 professionals, External Affairs needs 22 foreign service officers, Mines and Technical Surveys needs 47 geographers, oceanographers and engineers. National Health and Welfare is short 20 medical officers, Grade 4, and 47 nurses; National Defence needs 119 professionals and 25 administrative officers; National Revenue has 278 jobs open for professionals.

- In 1959, 46 per cent of all deaths in Canada were the result of diseases of the heart and circulatory system.

- Canada will send four trade missions abroad this fall, each consisting of a small group of businessmen accompanied by a senior official of the Trade Department. The two to the United Kingdom will be representing the Canadian processed food industry and the timber and plywood exporters. A mission representing chemical, metal, mineral and pulp industries will be sent to the six countries of the European Common Market, and a mission made up of consulting engineers will explore Latin American opportunities.

- On August 5 the Federal Power Commission in Washington, D.C., authorized imports of 584,000 cubic feet of natural gas daily from Canada for consumption in the states of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.

- On August 5, Works Minister Walker announced that loans of up to \$500 are to be made under the National Housing Act for radioactive fallout shelters to be built in new homes. Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation will issue a pamphlet giving basic standards for design of a basement fallout shelter.

- On August 10, Prime Minister Diefenbaker said that a basement shelter is to be built into the Prime Minister's residence at 24 Sussex Street, Ottawa.

- On August 8, CCF Members of Parliament Frank Howard and Arnold Peters halted their blockade of divorce bills, but warned that they intend to block divorce bills at every future session until the government legislates divorce reform. They suggested several alternatives to the Senate divorce committee and the Commons miscellaneous private bills committee which presently hear divorce petitions from Quebec and Newfoundland.

- Dr. Claude T. Bissell, president of the University of Toronto, has been appointed chairman of the Canada Council. Two other new members appointed to the council are Dr. G. E. Hall, president of the University of Western Ontario, and Dr. J. W. T. Spinks, president of the University of Saskatchewan. Reappointed to the council are Dr. N. A. M. MacKenzie and Sir Ernest Macmillan.

- At its national convention in Regina on August 11, the CCF voted for the formation of a new party combining the CCF and the Canadian Labor Congress. Mr. Hazen Argue was elected national leader of the CCF for the period until the new party is launched.

- The British Columbia provincial elections have been set for September 12.

- Guy Sylvestre, Associate Parliamentary Librarian, has been appointed chairman of the committee for the Governor-General's Literary Awards. He succeeds Professor Douglas Grant, who has accepted a chair at the University of Leeds. Roger Duhamel, vice-chairman of the Board of Broadcast Governors, will replace Mr. Sylvestre as chairman of the French Subcommittee.

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Canada: Reluctant Satellite?

T. H. B. SYMONS

► MR. MINIFIE'S BOOK*, published in March, has already gone into its third printing. It is unusual for any Canadian book, let alone one discussing Canadian foreign policies, to find such a wide circulation so quickly. Indeed, perhaps no book dealing with contemporary Canadian external affairs has aroused so much interest since the publication of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's "Speeches on British-American Union" in 1865.

In his book, Mr. Minifie considers the role which Canada might play in world affairs. He sees just two alternatives; it can continue to act as a powder-monkey for the United States, carrying powder for American guns, which is the subservient role into which he suggests Canada has skidded; or it can act as a peacemaker, enjoying real independence, seeking through the United Nations and the Commonwealth to put international forces behind international law, and giving leadership to the many small nations who wish to restrain both Russia and the United States in the interests of world peace.

Mr. Minifie feels strongly that Canada cannot be both a leader in the quest for international peace and, at the same time, a very subordinate military ally of one of the two great powers whose rivalry is the very thing which threatens to destroy international peace. For a few years after 1945 it was perhaps possible for Canada to play a double role as both an independent leader of the middle powers and a military ally of the United States. However, the author suggests that changing circumstances have now made it impossible for the Dominion to pursue this dual policy effectively. The growth of anti-American feeling in every corner of the world has rendered suspect a country which is as tightly bound to the United States in a bi-lateral military alliance, as Canada has now become. A choice must be made by Canada between the alternative roles of peacemaker or powder-monkey.

Mr. Minifie feels that, in this new era of inter-continental missiles, Canada is not making any vital contribution to its own defence or to world peace through its military alliance with the United States and, indeed, that it is suffering in many ways because of its subordination in this alliance. In contrast, he feels that Canada, once freed from this entanglement, would be in a position to make a most worthwhile contribution as a world peacemaker, which would be in the best interests both of itself and of the United States. Consequently, he argues that Canada should break loose from its present position as an American military satellite, and reassert its independence by a "vivid and memorable act as readily recognizable as the Declaration of Independence." This vivid and memorable act, he suggests, should be a Declaration of Neutrality.

Mr. Minifie feels that a policy of neutrality would be in the best interests of Canada's immediate domestic development. It would force the country—the government, armed forces, and business—to break loose from

a growing dependence upon American handouts, and to take on for itself the task of developing its northern frontier. Mr. Minifie, perhaps attempting to spike the cannon of possible American critics of his thesis, turns to George Washington's Farewell Address to find justification and precept for a Canadian policy of independence and neutralism. He suggests that Canadians would do well at this point in their history to read the Farewell Address in which in a famous passage Washington concluded that this country "had a right to take and was bound in duty and interest, to take a neutral position." This would gain time for it to progress and develop to a point at which it could more surely command its own affairs. Nevertheless, Washington warned his compatriots to take care always to keep themselves "on a respectable defensive posture." Mr. Minifie feels that Canada, like the United States at the time of Washington's Farewell Address, still needs time, free from any overbearing external relationships, in which to mature and develop its own institutions and character. Certainly it ought to adopt "a respectable defensive posture," but this, he thinks, it can best do on its own. He likens the present military alliance between the United States and Canada to a horse-rabbit pie, made up of one horse and one rabbit and argues that this unequal partnership has reduced Canada to the status of an American colony or satellite. The certain fate of Canada under these conditions is gradual absorption into the United States.

However, the neutralism Mr. Minifie has in mind is not to be equated with isolationism or pacifism. What he proposes would not be a negative act of withdrawal, but the taking up of a positive attitude. In national affairs, Canada should adopt the "respectable defensive posture" advocated by George Washington. In international affairs, Canada, freed of the suspicions at present aroused by its military subordination to the United States, should undertake a dynamic role as a leader of the small powers, and an advocate of the United Nations and international law. Canada in many ways is especially qualified to play such a role. The Dominion is "living proof that independence can be obtained by negotiation, without recourse to force or violent revolution." It is a bi-lingual nation which has achieved unity without a civil war, and which has the unique advantage of roots in Latin, as well as Anglo-Saxon culture. It has never held control over alien peoples, and has no imperial ambitions. The country has acquired a fair amount of experience upon the world stage, and has won a measure of respect for its diplomacy. It has the ear of both Washington and London, and yet also enjoys the good-will of many of the peoples of Latin-America, Africa and Asia. It is Mr. Minifie's argument that Canada in the role of an independent peacemaker could make "a contribution to the welfare and safety of the United States out of all proportion to anything which it can achieve in the role of a light-armed auxiliary, an obedient satellite feebly guarding against an outmoded threat."

The fact that Mr. Minifie in advocating a policy of neutralism for Canada advocates a policy which he believes will also be in the best interests of the United States should refute the suggestions, occasionally heard, that he is a Communist trying to break up the Canadian-American alliance, or that he is a wild Canadian nationalist suffering from an acute case of anti-Americanism. He is, in fact, an American citizen domiciled in the

*PEACEMAKER OR POWDER-MONKEY: CANADA'S ROLE IN A REVOLUTIONARY WORLD: James F. Minifie; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 174; \$3.50.

United States who has thought deeply about the relationship between Canada and the United States and is now setting forth his ideas. Born in Britain, he grew up in Saskatchewan, attended Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship, and travelled extensively before settling in the United States. He has maintained his personal ties and interest in Canada, and is at present the Washington correspondent of the CBC. For his services in the last war he received the OBE and the American Medal of Freedom.

Before it could undertake the international role he proposes, Mr. Minifie feels that Canada would have to demonstrate to the world the reality of its independence from the United States by getting out of NORAD and NATO. Yet in the same breath he urges Canada to join the OAS (Organization of American States, late Pan-American Union) an organization which most Canadians and probably most of the nations of the world look upon as an instrument of American foreign policy, designed to keep tabs upon the Latin American nations to the south of Washington.

Mr. Minifie is particularly sharp in his attack on NORAD (The North American Air Defence Command) which he describes as an idea of the U.S. Air Force, which was surreptitiously forwarded by it over the opposition of the American Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Department of Defence. "It is typical of the kind of service intrigue for which the USAF is notorious around Washington . . . It is tragic that Canada was suckled in by such a brassy intrigue, and that its independence of action was subordinated to one over-all boss in the USAF against better American judgment and under such odd circumstances." In support of Mr. Minifie's view, it must be said that a curious fog does seem to surround the origin of the NORAD agreement. It was discussed in Congress and, contrary to the popular impression, it had apparently not reached the stage of a cabinet decision before the fall of the St. Laurent-Pearson government. The agreement appears to have been entered into in the early weeks of the Diefenbaker government in a time of confusion when the Prime Minister and Minister of Defence were probably under some misapprehensions about the plan and perhaps failed to appreciate its full implications. Certainly it is ironic that a Conservative government which had just won a spectacular victory on a platform of pro-British, Canadian nationalism should within a few weeks of taking office enter into an agreement which yielded up so much of Canadian sovereignty. There are increasing indications that the irony of this situation has not escaped the observation of the Canadian electorate, which gives signs of being puzzled and annoyed by the manner in which the government has handled Canada's defence policy and allowed this policy to be the means of an increasing Canadian subservience to Washington. Britain and NATO are in no way involved in the NORAD agreement. It is strictly a two-way military alliance between Canada and the United States. Through NORAD Canada has for the first time in its modern history given the command in peacetime of its armed forces to another nation. The implications are deep and disturbing.

MR. MINIFIE'S BOOK will be subject to many criticisms. Despite his call for a "realistic" look at Canada's foreign policy, the presumptions behind his own arguments are often less than realistic. He brushes aside the

question of what would be the American reaction to a policy of Canadian neutralism which involved Canada quitting NORAD. "Canadians have expressed concern lest the United States would take vengeful punitive measures. Obviously, there would be no question of military coercion. The sun of gunboat diplomacy has set." But has it? Would the United States really allow Canada to break away into a true independent role, such as Mr. Minifie advocates and a very great many Canadians desire? A senior member of the St. Laurent cabinet, who was responsible for many negotiations with Washington, has expressed the opinion that United States would probably not allow Canada to make such a change in its policy. Canada has already in many ways given the key to its house to the United States for military purposes, and it would now be difficult to take it back.

Mr. Minifie is similarly unrealistic in regard to the hard fact of Russian power. His discussion of Canadian-American relations often seems to assume that these two countries exist in a vacuum in which no account need be taken of the very real threat which Russia does pose to the United States and to all of the democracies. Similarly, and surprisingly, Mr. Minifie does not examine the effect of a policy of Canadian neutrality on Canada's relations with Britain, which is now in many ways even more committed than Canada to a military alliance with the United States. His book makes reference to the Commonwealth as a "good thing" which could be strengthened if Canada enjoyed greater freedom of action from the United States, but it receives only passing mention in a paragraph or two scattered through his 180 pages of argument. Nor do the emerging nations of Africa and Asia really receive much attention from Mr. Minifie. Instead, he seems preoccupied with the needs and problems of Latin-America, to a degree which is quite foreign to Canadian thought, at least for the present. His proposals for a new Canadian foreign policy are largely pointed to the beneficial consequences he thinks this would have on the relations between Washington and Latin-America. While there has recently been some increase in Canadian interest in Latin-America, there is no evidence that Canadians, whether French or English speaking, wish to plan their country's foreign policy in terms of South America.

It is a pity that Mr. Minifie has coupled his suggestion that Canada get out of NORAD with the suggestion that it should also quit NATO. While it is true that NATO seems today of perhaps less importance than a few years ago, it nevertheless still represents a vision of the Atlantic community which is a traditional Canadian interest. In his discussion of the way in which the character of NATO has changed, Mr. Minifie is bitter in his remarks upon German membership and its effect upon the objectives of the organization. Of American rearmament of Germany, he suggests that "it would save time to have the swastikas stencilled on at the factory."

To many people who have listened with pleasure to Mr. Minifie's thoughtful and perceptive radio talks the style and literary quality of this book must come as a disappointment. It is slangy and tends to slogans and slick alliterative punch lines. It has a flavor of deliberate jargonese, of a sort from which Mr. Minifie's broadcasts are happily free. It lacks the feeling of informed thoughtfulness with which he manages to imbue his radio talks. The book seems drawn out and repetitive.

It might well have packed a much greater punch if it had been published as a compact essay of thirty or forty pages.

Nevertheless, *Peacemaker or Powder-Monkey* is a book of first-rate importance. It poses questions which must be examined carefully. Is it really necessary for Canada to yield up as much of its sovereignty to the United States as has been done under the NORAD agreement? A great many Canadians are indeed bothered, as Mr. Mimifie suggests, by an uneasy feeling that the independence of their country has been compromised, and that the development of its national character is being restricted. Beyond this, they are wondering if Canada could not make a far more valuable contribution to the securing of peace if it were free to pursue an independent national policy. Whatever reservations one may have about Mr. Mimifie's various arguments, Canadians are enormously indebted to him for initiating a timely discussion of their country's foreign policy.

RIDDLE

Poor Oedipus:
dreamer, idealist,
questioned by all
and questioning everyone.

Half-Oedipus,
yet more than he,
I know my past out
but still must ask the rest.

Poor Sphinx:
riddle-poser,
well answered she didn't anticipate
an Oedipus to kick her over the edge.

Half-Sphinx,
yet how much more again:
you know my past but have the luckier lot
of being able to answer and still call the shot.

E. J. Barnes

THE RUNNING PEDDLER

My father ran on the chirring summer roads
crying dry goods, cheap!
slipped on the sly, dull ice, sped before
the wind-arrowed leaves, until
he lay in hospital, a used-up
head on a white salver,
and said "kiss me, zundele," but I turned
away. His breath was rank
and outside the trees hurled gold and blossoms,
bird-shadow clogged the ground;
the sky's cerulean eye gazed deeply . . .

and he was dead, his
papery hand on mine. All that running
to catch a dreaming fool!

Charles Farber

SPLIT INFINITIES

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified.

As if there were a chasm worth the worry
Between these and the many other words
The brain within bedaubs the world without.
Such niceties possess a sly mercurial
Quality, yet they should not deceive
The one who serves by seeing matter through.
If words were worlds and sentences systems,
A poem would be a rattling empty cosmos,
No likeness to the one whose life we are.
What's in a name is noise; do not forget
It takes the pulse of God, and not the blood.

John Paul Harney

WINTER WALKING

Sometimes I see churches
like tons of light,
triangles and hexagons
sideways in air.
Sometimes an old house
holds me watching, still,
with no idea of time,
waiting for the grey shape
to reassemble in my mind,
and I carry it away
(translated back
to drawing board, concept,
mathematic and symbol);
I puzzle myself
with form and line
of an old house
that goes where man goes.
A train's violent anapest
(- - — ! - - — !)
cries in my ears
and leaves me
breathless (o small boy).
What entered me trembling
was not the steel's dream.
In a pile of old snow
under a high wall
a patch of brilliant
yellow dog piss
glows—memorable . . .

Sometimes I stand still,
like a core at the centre of
my senses, hidden and still . . .
All the heavy people,
clouds and tangible buildings,
enter and pass through me;
stand like a spell
of the wild gold sunlight,
knowing the ache stones have,
how mountains suffer
and a wet blackbird feels
flying past in the rain.
This is the still centre,
an involvement in silences—

A. W. Purdy

The U.S. and the Canadian Economy

A. L. LEVINE

► CANADA'S NATIONAL IDENTITY is still a pitifully tender shoot. In spite of careful cultivation, it remains pathologically sensitive to a variety of tremors. Is this because we are in the unfortunate position of trying to foster nationalism without the benefit of a national mystique? It does seem that if we could only clutch some myth or ethos, we might even be able to absorb those shocks to our system that our powerful neighbor to the south is wont to administer. Indeed, if we had a sturdy national personality or myth, not every literary current which trickles in from south of the border would be seen as a threat to our national identity, nor would every covetous glance from the American investor be regarded as a threat to our sovereignty. But we remain hypersensitive, and the American board members of U.S.-owned Canadian subsidiaries are accused of being incapable of understanding the "Canadian viewpoint"—whatever that may be.

There are doubtless many legitimate causes for anxiety over American penetration into our cultural, political and economic life. But how do we separate these from the paranoiac nightmares? What in fact has been the character and degree of the American encroachment? So uncritically have we heeded the shrill warnings which pour forth from the frenzied nationalists that it has become practically impossible for most Canadians to give reasoned replies to this query. Fortunately, there are some exceptions, among whom, one is happy to report, is that group of writers—all but one of them Canadian—who recently set out to examine the nature of the American impact upon our economy*. They have acquitted themselves creditably. They have done much to dispel the half-truths and untruths that are still permitted to cloud our thinking. Their joint effort is a judicious appraisal, a nice balance which is neither pap for the super-nationalists nor solace for those who simply ignore the problem. Where the more weird sounds of the anti-American wolf pack need to be silenced, they do so, but where a real menace lurks, they are far from being indifferent. (Some of the authors are in fact much more concerned with the latter than the former.) Noteworthy among the individual contributions are Hugh G. J. Aitken's study of the part the United States has played in shaping the structure of our economy, Clarence Barber's examination of how Canadian agriculture has fared under the impact of U.S. farm policy, Irving Brecher's discussion in depth of the influence of the flow of U.S. investment funds into Canada, and Eugene Forsey's brilliant excision of a number of fallacies which have cloyed popular attitudes to labor organization in this country. To which should be added Maurice Lamontagne's foray into what, to most English-speaking Canadians, is a neglected domain: America's economic impact upon Quebec. It is a pity that this could not have been a lengthier contribution.

*THE AMERICAN ECONOMIC IMPACT ON CANADA: Hugh G. J. Aitken, John J. Deutsch, W. A. Mackintosh and others; Burns & MacEachern; pp. 176; \$5.75.

The American presence in Canada's economy has certainly not waned over the years. Between 1926 and 1954, American ownership of our industry and commerce grew from 19 to 25 per cent. In manufacturing and mining, the recent percentages are much higher. In 1955, 47 per cent of total investment in the Canadian manufacturing industries was American: in mining, smelting and petroleum production the proportion was 64 per cent. (Incidentally, while the American share has increased, *total* foreign participation in Canadian industry and commerce has diminished somewhat over the years.) Professor Aitken shows how this great volume of American investment in Canada has encouraged the development of our economy "along lines complementary to the economy of the United States." We may not be hewers of wood and drawers of water, *par excellence*, but the cases of pulp and paper, nickel, petroleum and natural gas indicate that a continuing heavy American investment in our extractive industries will scarcely bring that hoped-for obliteration of our staple-producing status. Secondary manufacturing in this country will doubtless continue to grow, but without seriously diminishing the importance of the primary producer in our scheme of things. So we shall remain dependent, to a greater or lesser extent, upon American markets for our raw materials and partially processed items.

OTHER WORRIES which have arisen in Canada as a result of the inflow of American investment dollars are examined by Professor Brecher. It is certainly a great catalogue of woe. From it we learn that American exploitation of our natural resources threatens our sovereignty and goodness knows what else, that our sensitivity to the American business cycle is chronically debilitating, that the presence of American corporate giants on our soil hastens the trend to monopoly, that those in control of American companies in Canada are usually heedless of Canada's best interests, and, to make the charge sheet complete, that the American intruders are most niggardly in their contributions to Canadian charities. All this is old stuff to the man in the street. Issues which are rather more complex, and which therefore have not been dinned into our ears to the same extent, include the supposed propensity of Canadian subsidiaries to buy their equipment and supplies in the United States, the alleged restraint placed upon the export sales of Canadian subsidiaries in various of the world's markets, and the attacks by U.S. antitrust men against Canadian operations of certain large American firms.

To a good deal—but not all—of this indictment, Professor Brecher returns a verdict of not proven. The present state of economic analysis and the amount of information available are "not such as to yield positive results over the whole range of issues pervading the field." For example, the monopoly issue has become oversimplified: no definite pronouncement is as yet possible. This does not mean that every one of the points at issue is shrouded in uncertainty. In some instances—important ones—a verdict of not guilty is entirely acceptable. Canadian resource development has been accelerated, not retarded, by the activities of U.S. companies. And "contrary to popular impression," Canadians are now "strongly" represented on the boards and

executive staffs of Canadian subsidiaries of U.S. companies.

Even in a discussion of purely economic questions, it seems that those irritating metaphysical issues of "national survival" and "sovereignty" must intrude. Fortunately, Professor Brecher is on the alert for this kind of nonsense: "The honest answer to this 'sovereignty' question is that there can be no clear-cut answer either way." It is to be regretted, however, that Professor Brecher did not bring this same scepticism to bear upon the question of the "virtual absence of the 'Canadian viewpoint' in company decisions," and, also, upon the perverted solicitousness for our national sovereignty displayed by those who would shield Canadian subsidiaries from the extra-territorial effects of Uncle Sam's anti-trust activities. Surely the majority of Canadians were not cut to the quick when certain American corporations were charged in U.S. courts with using their Canadian subsidiaries for setting up cosy little patent pools which were not in contravention of Canadian law. Someone should tell the injured minority to stop flaunting their injured innocence and wounded national pride, and concentrate upon plugging the gaps of their own combines legislation—something which this minority¹ is doubtless disinclined to do.

PROFESSOR BARBER provides an excellent analysis of the effects upon our embattled agriculturalists of such irritants as the U.S. surplus disposal program, the subsidization of America's domestic producers, and the intermittent imposition of U.S. import quotas on Canadian farm products. "Serious but not catastrophic" would appear to be the most balanced view of the effects of U.S. agricultural policy, although even "serious" seems to strike too alarming a note, once the facts of the matter are examined. True, the American surplus disposal program has cut into some of our markets, "but its overall effects have been less serious than Canadians have been disposed to believe." As to the subsidization of U.S. producers, this could, for example, result in downward pressure on world wheat prices—possibly a degree of such pressure has already been felt—but this has obviously been offset, to a considerable extent, by American willingness to "co-operate" with Canada in "underpinning" world wheat prices. As far as the effects of U.S. import quotas are concerned, these have scarcely been such as to warrant a sense of outrage.

Mr. Forsey's performance is nothing short of magnificent. Here is some debunking on the grand scale. The AFL-CIO does not dictate policies to the CLC. Look, for example, at the way in which the two federations differ in the matter of political action. Nor are the Canadian sections and locals of American-based international unions simply run by the latter. It is true, of course, that a Canadian local usually cannot go on strike without the international's approval. But is this such a bad thing? Some of those who foster the myth of the domination of Canadian organized labor by American unions might concede all or most of these points, but this does not prevent them from raising the old chestnut: do not Canadian unions adhere slavishly to the wages policies of their American masters—wages policies which may not be entirely suited to Canadian industrial and commercial conditions? But surely this is an inaccurately drawn indictment. Canadian workers strive to attain American wage levels, not because they

belong to the Canadian sections of American internationals, but because they happen to live alongside a healthy, well-paid giant who they do not think differs very much from themselves except in the matter of pay. Covetousness knows no boundary lines. Suppose that every Canadian member of an international were allowed to sever his ties with the American headquarters, what would be the result? Would it not be the same old cry, "if they get it, we should get it, too"? It is a matter of proximity, not parental prodding.

THIS IS NOT a book about politics and culture. Still, it should provide food for thought for those who have been wondering about other aspects of the American influence—especially the political. Is it too much to be hoped that the same kind of clearheaded reasoning which informs the present volume, and which reduces to size the great hue and cry about the American economic penetration of Canadian economic life, will now be directed to the way in which we continue to follow America's foreign policy makers to all sorts of questionable destinations? We have certainly not been impoverished by American involvement in our economic life: we will no doubt continue to survive American meanderings in the matter of wheat and natural gas. But will we always remain above ground—this is meant quite literally—if we continue to fall in with every Cold War ploy that comes from Washington?

VILLANELLE

Turn, Euterpe! Tune your lyre to my ear.
Give me a cadence for a villanelle.
I know a song. I wish to tell it clear.

I read a poem, and saw a dancing bear.
I watched him wave his paws, and dance a reel.
Turn, Euterpe! Tune your lyre to my ear.

For I would sing of motion similar.
The water ouzel also waltzes well.
I know a song. I wish to tell it clear.

A rose ballets her way up trellised stair.
I've seen clematis twine a swinging bell.
Turn, Euterpe! Tune your lyre to my ear.

They say an atom whirled in mass or air
moves but one way. Ten dances in a shell?
I know a song. I wish to tell it clear.

Bright heaven beats the same through
shell and sphere.
The solar pulse contains the daffodil.
Turn, Euterpe! Tune your lyre to my ear.
I know a song. I wish to tell it clear.

Elizabeth Gourlay.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM
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Correspondence

The Editor:

Your views on the Eichmann case under the heading of "Israel and the Law" in your July issue have just been brought to my attention. You base your opinions on the "standard of international law which we know" and on "everything we know about law." May I make the following comments.

1. Eichmann was not "taken to Israel by agents of that country," but by a group of volunteers, some of whom were Israeli nationals. The Israel Government has apologized to the Government of the Argentine for any infringement of Argentine laws on the part of these Israeli nationals.
2. Israel has not "previously as in the diplomatic protests against swastika-daubing presumed to speak on behalf of all Jews." Those notes brought to the attention of various governments the feeling of shock and horror felt by *Israelis* at the incidents and expressed concern lest anti-semitism should once again rear its ugly head. There was no protest to any government or request for action.
3. From the standpoint of International Criminal law, Eichmann's abduction does not vitiate Israel's right to jurisdiction. The U.S.A. Supreme Court ruled unanimously in 1952 in the case of *Frisbie v. Collins* (342 U.S. 519, 222) that "the power of a court to try a person for crime is not impaired by the fact that he had been brought within the court's jurisdiction by reason of a "forcible" abduction. The first known case in which this opinion was expressed referred to a defendant who was illegally seized in Peru and brought to trial in Illinois.
4. The territoriality principle which requires that the trial be held in the country where the crime has been perpetrated is by no means generally accepted. Suffice to mention the famous English case of William Joyce who was technically an alien. While the charges against him related to his conduct outside the United Kingdom, he was tried and condemned in England. The *London Times* in its editorial on May 25, 1960 states: "the determination of the Government of Israel to bring Adolf Eichmann to trial on a capital charge in a national court is not formally illegal. Israel, as a sovereign state, is entitled to treat any person physically within its territory in accordance with its own law . . . It is not disputed that a sovereign state may make laws having extraterritorial application, nor—though this is in ordinary circumstances to be deprecated—that its laws may have retrospective effect. More simply, a sovereign state is not answerable to any external authority for what it chooses to do to a person in its power."
5. There are other principles governing criminal jurisdiction, e.g. all crimes committed by German nationals anywhere in the world are subject to German courts (active nationality principle). Several countries assume jurisdiction when the victim of the crime is their national (passive nationality principle). International law does not establish rules of criminal jurisdiction or of solutions of conflicts of criminal jurisdiction.
6. On the other hand international penal law recognizes the principle of universality which was estab-

lished in the seventeenth century. Thus any member of the international community can try a person charged with crimes against international law provided the person is in his custody. Thus, if Eichmann were in Canadian custody, Canadian courts would have the right to try him for crimes against humanity which is a crime defined by international law.

7. Your argument against retroactive legislation might have been valid if the Israel law of 1950 defined a certain act as a crime which, when it was committed, was not regarded as illegal (*ex post facto principle*). However, the crime dealt with—murder—is as old as mankind.
8. Israel is under a moral right and responsibility to bring Eichmann to justice. Israel is a sovereign nation created by the Jewish people whose destruction Eichmann sought; a nation that rose on the ashes of millions of innocent men and women and children whom Eichmann put to death; a land which has served as haven and refuge for hundreds of thousands of survivors from Nazi concentration camps.
9. West and East European countries whose nationals Eichmann's victims were, do not claim him for trial. Indeed, they are collaborating with Israel in gathering evidence for the prosecution. Many of Germany's leading papers voiced this sentiment. Thus on May 27 the *Allgemeine Zeitung* declared in an editorial: "We in this country, who were unable to bring Eichmann to trial in our courts, should have confidence in the Israel jurisdiction: Justice, not vengeance will rule the day. The government is strong enough morally and politically to keep the proceedings which will include all necessary legal guarantees free of even an appearance of a show trial." Moreover, at the UN Security Council debate on Argentina's complaint, not one of the representatives of the eleven member nations questioned Israel's right to try Eichmann.

I shall refrain to comment on the hypothetical contingencies of precedent you mention, as the irrelevance and facetiousness are so blatant. However, I cannot but express the deepest revulsion at the following sentence in your article: "But it is not the blind force of righteous vengeance which we count on to protect the Jews and other peoples in the future—that force, in fact, is similar to one that fired the gas ovens."

I hope that on reflection you will agree that this bizarre and sordid equation not only runs counter to human reasoning, but is grievously offensive to basic moral instincts.

RAANAN SIVAN,
First Secretary, Embassy of Israel

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"Quit Walking on Your Face!"

SHORT STORY BY IRMA WASSALL

► "PARDON ME," HE SAID, and she stopped. He had watched her coming toward him down the dimly-lighted street. During World War II on the high interior plains of North America there was no curfew or blackout, but it was after eleven o'clock and all the display windows were dark. She saw her reflection walking like a model or a dancer, in flat-heeled red shoes, the tailored black slacks and long-sleeved sweater of gold wool buttoned tightly across her lifted breast, the shoulders straight as an Indian's. A paisley scarf, tied under her chin, framed the ivory oval of her face. He had to hurry to overtake her; that graceful stride was deceptively rapid.

She looked up, a frown line between her dark brows, peering at the tall young man standing with his hat in his hand, his excellent trousers and sweater too large for his slender body. His white perfect teeth flashed below a small, dark moustache; his hair was thick, wavy and very dark.

"Yes?" she said, with slight annoyance, resenting the interruption.

"Haven't I seen you at the University of Iowa?" he asked.

She laughed. "You know you never saw me at the University of Iowa, any other University, or anywhere else," she said. "But if you're lonely and want someone to talk with, come along. That is, if you can keep up with me. I'm walking to the post office—it's three long blocks, and back. We could wait for a bus, of course."

"I'll walk with you," he said, "and thanks for letting me."

"I suppose you're one of the new deluge of war workers," she said. "From Iowa?"

"Yes. But I'm not a war worker. I've been going to defense school, but I'm subject to the draft, so they haven't taken me on."

"That's bad. What can you do?"

"I tried to get into the Air Corps, but didn't pass the eye tests."

"I mean in the line of work. I manage the office for a firm of architect-engineers, and I might be able to put you into a fieldcrew until something better comes along, or the Army calls you."

He stood still in astonishment. "You put me to work?"

"That's what I said. You come to this address—" she stopped on the corner, taking out a notebook from the pocket of her slacks, and scribbled it down for him "—about nine in the morning, and I'll get you a job. It won't be much, but you won't starve—"

"What makes you think I'm starving?"

"I didn't say you were, but if you've just finished defense school, you've lost a lot of weight in—how long is it?—six weeks?"

"You're very observant. I am getting low in cash." He was breathing hard. "Do you have to walk so fast?"

"Sorry." She slowed down. "I'm used to walking alone." She peered at him. "You're able to work, aren't you? Why don't you stand up straight?"

He straightened a little, self-consciously. "I grew tall too fast, I suppose," he said. "And I swung a pick all

one summer and got a knot of muscles in my back that makes it hard to straighten up."

"It looks depressing to see someone go stooping down a street," she said. "Someone ought to hit you, hard, between the shoulders every time you do it. One of our men was in the Army in the last war. He has a story he tells about a tough top sergeant and a boy who walked all humped over the way you do. The sergeant yelled at him, 'Quit walking on your face!' till the boy quit stooping."

They had reached the post office. She went up the long flight of stone steps as effortlessly as a cat. In the bright light of the interior, striking her in the face, he could see that her complexion, which in the dimness had seemed smooth and flawless as ivory, was, without a trace of powder, very faintly marked with a coarsening of texture, with tiny fine dry lines. But the lips were heavily rouged, with a re-outlining that said, "Stage," as did the eye make-up.

"I have never seen anyone who looked less like an office manager," he said.

"I suppose not," she answered, and he walked beside her down the long corridor, where she deposited the long envelope of transparent paper printed blue on the inside, with brilliant air mail letters, in the slot.

Over Coca-Cola in a drug store, he said, "Lots of people think I look like a Latin, but—"

"No. Scandinavian, and Irish," she said, looking at his blue-gray eyes, the set of his features. "You look like Nils Asther, of the movies. Younger and thinner, of course."

"You're a Latin, aren't you?"

"No. Just plain United States." She laughed. "What's your name?"

"Ralph Nelson."

"I'm Anna Mandell."

"May I take you home in a taxi?" he invited.

She smiled. "Save your money. Besides, it's as much as your life is worth to get a taxi now, since the rubber shortage and so many new people. Haven't you found that out? Just walk with me to the bus."

HE HARDLY knew her. She sat behind the desk, the dark hair brushed to sleekness and pinned in a shining knot at the back, all the complexion flaws hidden under the smooth powder, the lips a flash of scarlet, and horn-rimmed harlequin glasses covering her eyes. There were pearls in her ears and twisted round her throat, at the neck of her plain black dress.

"Good morning, Miss Mandell," he said.

After the interview, the head of the firm came out of his private office, followed by Ralph. "This boy says he can't get into the factories because he may be called to the Army," he said. "But he has a wife and two children, so he probably will be deferred."

No flicker of surprise crossed Anna's face. "Maybe he doesn't support them," she said, her lips scarcely moving.

"I'm putting him on the field crew," the Head told her.

That evening, as she left the office, Ralph joined her. "Will you have dinner with me?" he asked.

"I'm having dinner downtown tonight, if that's what you mean," she answered.

Over dinner in a small restaurant, he, trying to learn more about her, invited, "There's a three-piece jump

combo at a little joint on the west side. Would you like to listen to them awhile?"

Her face lighted. "I'd love to," she said.

In the brightly-lighted, cheaply-furnished bar, Ralph bought a pint of gin, ordered a Tom Collins while waiting for it to be brought.

Anna ordered, "Coca-Cola."

He showed his astonishment. "You don't drink?"

"No."

"I was hoping I could buy you a couple of drinks and find out what's eating you," he said.

"What makes you think something is 'eating' me?"

"I can tell. I could tell from the very first moment I stopped you on the street."

"You're very perceptive." She didn't sound as if she meant it. She changed the subject: "What have you been doing with your time since you've been here? Much night life?"

"Not much. Out once in a while—like tonight."

"Let's go hear the combo."

They were told, "This is Monday. The boys don't play on Monday nights."

Anna laughed, and walked into the long room, cluttered with small tables and folding chairs, with the juke box and the small dance floor in front of the band stand. She looked at the numbers, inserted her own nickel.

"Let's have a drink first," Ralph said, and they sat down at one of the little tables. He poured some gin into her glass of Coca-Cola, and she sipped at it, slowly. He poured out a very large drink for himself, drank it quickly.

"Let's dance," she said. And as they moved out onto the floor, "You would dance better if you would straighten up. You make me think of those jit-bugs who hop around the dance floor with their fannies sticking out like shelves."

"You've danced a lot, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you've been around a lot."

"Yes again."

Back at the table, he said, "I feel like talking. Mind?" "Talk all you want to."

"Well, I'll begin at the beginning of the story of my life—"

She threw up her hands in mock despair. "That far back?" She laughed. "All right."

"It's like hundreds of other stories. I was born in a small town, to one of its leading families. They sent me to school, bought me most of the things I wanted. I went to the University, and there I met a girl—the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. She looked like Betty Grable. But her parents had the marriage annulled. I went back home and started going with a girl from there—one I'd gone with ever since we first began having dates. And, biology being what it is, the time came when we should get married. We did."

"You didn't tell me last night you were married."

"I thought you might not get me the job if I told you that."

Her eyes snapped. "What difference could it possibly make to me?"

"Sorry again. Well, anyway, my son is two years old now; and besides, we have a daughter. She's only a month old, but I haven't even seen her yet. They're with my parents."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two. And you? You don't look any older."

"Thank you." She made a small inclination of her head, like a satirical bow. "I'm a lot older than that."

"You don't look it."

"Again I thank you. It makes me wonder what you want from me."

"You're very cynical, aren't you? What made you that way?"

"No," she said, twirling her glass, which she had hardly touched. "I just know the score." Looking at him, she laughed, "Oh I see. You want to hear the story of my life. Well, I suppose turn-about's fair play. Only there isn't much to tell. I used to be a band vocalist, then I married and gave it up. And when all the defense business began, I went to work in an office—I had business training in school, and worked awhile as a stenographer before I began to sing professionally—and somehow, building houses for defense workers seemed more directly in line with the war effort than another singing job." She broke off, changing the subject abruptly, asking quizzically, "Does your wife love you?"

"It's amazing."

"I should think it would be."

"But I have tried—"

"That isn't enough. We all know that. Let's get out of here."

They waited outside, in the warm night, in the light over the doorway, for the taxi. He broke the two-thirds empty bottle of gin against the brick wall.

She frowned. "You shouldn't have done that."

"Why not? You won't drink it."

"Did it ever occur to you, grasshopper, that you might want a drink some other time? I can't bear wastefulness."

In the taxi, he flung his arm about her shoulders. "Anna—"

She straightened, so that his arm was not touching her. "Yes?"

"I was going to say something, but I'm afraid it wouldn't go over so well," he said.

"The gin went up to your head," she told him. "You'd better go home and sleep it off, so you'll be fit to work in the morning."

THE NEXT noon, she asked the crew chief, "How is he doing?"

"Lead in the pants," was the answer. "He's smart enough, but I don't believe he's been getting enough to eat—"

"Good Lord!" She walked into her office, where he was sitting. "Listen," she said, "if you're really short of cash, I'll let you have some to tide you over till you get your check Saturday. I often do this for the others."

"I think I have enough to run me," he answered but after brief silence added, "If you don't mind I'll take a rain check—after all—about the money—"

"Of course. How much do you need?"

"I think four dollars will do it."

She gave it to him. He smiled ruefully, not looking at her, but at the money in his hand. "You saved my life," he told her.

It was raining when the crew came back to the office at the end of the day. Anna said to Ralph, "I'm taking a taxi. I'll drop you off downtown, if you like."

"Thanks very much. That will help a lot."

The Head, stout and gray-haired, came in, saying, "I'll take you home, Mrs. Mandell. My car is being brought down from the garage."

The three of them walked out together. The Head told Ralph, "You can go now," not offering him a lift. As the boy walked down the street in the rain, the Head asked Anna, "What's he hanging around for? If he does it again, he's fired. Sitting there looking at you like a dying calf—"

"I asked him to wait," she answered. "I was going to grab a taxi, and drop him off downtown on my way home." She broke off, "God knows when your car will be here. Good night." She walked away and left him standing there.

FRIDAY, RALPH asked, "Do you suppose you could let me have two dollars more till tomorrow?"

She smiled. "I guess you're good for it." She gave it to him.

"I thought people always paid back borrowed money," he said, in a surprised tone. "I thought that was taken for granted."

A blond young man came into the office, looking for a job. Anna lifted her eyelids, shadowed with fatigue, "Can you run a transit?" Her glance fell upon his hands resting conspicuously on the desk. A diagonal slash had taken most of three fingers of the right hand.

"Yes," he said. "We'd been out dancing and drinking one night—my wife always wants to go out and have a good time, and if I don't take her she goes with somebody else—and the next morning I had an accident with the machine—"

"Leave your application," Anna said.

After he had gone, she, terribly affected by the sight of that mutilated hand, had more to say: "I'm not complaining, but after I sold my car and bought war bonds, it makes me sick to see these kids that don't know from nothing running around hog-wild in their second-hand cars, patched up and shining to look like new, not paying any attention to the speed limit or seeming to care what they smash into, as long as the tires and gasoline hold out. It makes me sicker still to see them flashing their new cheap jewelry and loud-colored clothes, and throwing their money around like water, getting drunk at night and having accidents at the plant next day." As if through some undefined compulsion, or as a defense mechanism to hang onto her self control: "And some of the older ones are just as bad. Some of them haven't had a job since the 1929 crash, and now that they're in the money again, their creditors' day has come, because they've kept judgments alive against them for over thirteen years. And what they're doing to the housing is something else again. I took three women into my apartment—my husband—"

Ralph gasped, "I didn't know you were still married—"

"—never wanted to buy a house," she went on as if he had not spoken, "and now the landlady, who doesn't know any more about running an apartment house than I know about building an airplane, wants to furnish the apartment because then she could charge more rent than the ceiling allowed now. She was glad to have the rent in the bad depression years when most of the apartments stood empty. A thing she is going to find out very soon now is that she can't move a soldier's wife—"

"Is your husband in the Army?" This time Ralph made his astonished interruption good.

"Don't tell me you didn't know it!" she exclaimed impatiently. "I told you I was married, and the boys must have said something—"

"No. What did he do?"

"He was an interior decorator. And don't ask me why I didn't try to take his place—I don't know anything about the work. I have to do what I know how to do. But I was saying, why can't they take some of these kids running around here, that haven't worked themselves up to anything, and these people that have been chronically out of jobs? He said he was no better than anyone else, and if that was what they wanted him to do, that was all right with him. And now I don't even know where he is!"

SATURDAY, ANNA gave Ralph his check, and he went out of the office without a word. Monday he had gone out with the crew when she came in; and Tuesday morning he did not appear at the office. The crew chief was fuming.

Anna said calmly, "He may have got a call from one of the factories. I'll get another boy for you." She reached for the telephone.

LATER, THE LONG distance operator said, "Mr. Ralph Nelson, please."

"I'll try to find him for you," Anna said, and went about her work. When the operator called again, she said, "I told you, operator, he's not here. I'm doing everything in my power to find him." She called his boarding house, and was told that he had gone to work. She began calling employment agencies, and found one that had him registered. Learning where he had been sent, she called him there and gave him the message.

He asked, "May I see you tonight?"

"I suppose so. I'll meet you downtown and we'll catch a movie?"

HE WAS late. "I was shaking my room-mate," he explained.

"Yes?"

"They are going to put me on at the factory," he told her. "A lot more money. But the call was from my local draft board. They have a quota to fill."

"But I wrote, as you asked me to do, saying you are doing defense work."

"You didn't say I'm indispensable."

She regarded him steadily. "You're not indispensable. You know that."

"You don't care what happens to me."

"The Government would find out whether or not I'm lying." Her unwavering eyes darkened with anger. "You wear me out," she said. "You and all the rest of the spoiled, good-for-nothing brats that wake up some morning with a hangover and a family, and still look to Father and Mother for a place to lay the responsibility. Then when some crisis like this comes up, and they know they'll have to do something, they look around for the softest jobs, suddenly claiming responsibility they've been glad to shove onto someone else before, and feeling sorry for themselves." She broke off, "How did you expect me to claim you're indispensable to us, while all the time you were on the employment register for a better job?"

"I guess you couldn't," he answered, looking down at the carpet in the balcony lobby of the theater.

She laughed without amusement. "Well, now that I've got all this off my chest, I don't feel like looking at a movie. You go on in alone."

"No. I don't want to see it either." As they reached the street, he told her, "I'll find out tomorrow how the land lies. Then I'll come down to the office and let you know." He added, "I was expecting a check from home, but it didn't come."

She asked, "What did you do with your salary check?"

"I was behind with my room rent. Then my roommate and I went out Saturday night. We got tight, and I broke the bottle as I did before, then I didn't know what I was doing, so I stayed downtown in a hotel all night."

Anna said, "I don't think that was a good thing to do. A man with a wife and little children who need his help has no business getting drunk the minute he gets a salary check."

"I asked you to go out with me Saturday night."

"I told you I thought you should send your money home. Well, it's gone now."

"Could you let me have enough just for cigarettes?"

She gave him a dollar. "You'd better give me some of the change," she said. "I'm getting rather low myself. Bills, etc., you know."

"I told you I'd have some money tomorrow."

He began to talk of boxing when he was at school. Anna was not half listening. At her door, he stood looking at her in the dim light, as if to memorize her features.

RALPH DID not come to the office the next day. It was the end of the week before the crew chief asked about him.

"I suppose he got on at the factory, didn't he?" Anna asked.

"Let's call and see." He dialed the boarding house. Anna heard the answer: "He left last Wednesday. He was called to the army."

Anna threw back her shining head and laughed. "That's the last we'll ever hear of him," she said. "But I hope the army makes him quit walking on his face!"

THE SEED

Out of evolving tendrils the first seed fell
Buried in swelling time the shoot uncurled,
New roots descended into deeper earth
Burst from the cradle to the warmer sun.

Before the seed ten thousand ages fall
Across primeval growth to reach the light,
Before the shoot ten myriad striving cells
Break to the rock or wave beneath the flood.

Barren in blinding space our earth home burst
Seething and boiling where the first rain spilled,
Grinding to piling mountains peak on peak
Groaning to gaping fissures yawning deep.

How many lifeless mornings met the sun?
Only the steaming rocks and streaming seas,
The vast volcanic thunders reaching out
Could struggle forth to touch infinity.

Small seed of spinning earth in timeless space
Waiting a million stars for frond of green,
The miracle achieved in striving life
The first small branching pattern in the scheme.

Under the heaving waters of the world
What life reached out to touch embracing sea?
The first born cell in wonder of its birth
Alone in flooding truth that floods to me.

Over the scattered stone-crop of the earth
What shoot reached out to feel embracing sun?
The first born growth in marvel of its birth
Alone in flowing truth that flows to me.

Life out of ash and atom, sun and storm,
Rain-lash and wind-drift blending in blinding force,
Eternal movement of the universe
Maker of clustered stars and struggling seed.

Thus in the triumph of achieving green
Into the flaking light the first life breathed,
Part of gigantic wisdom of the mind
Sower of swelling seed and galaxies.

Out of evolving tendrils the first seed fell
Buried in swirling time the shoot uncurled,
New roots descended into deeper earth
Burst from the cradle to the warmer sun.

Richard A. George

PLUMBING

The faucet is a cool green shadowed spring;
Roman aqueduct; tastes Roman
because I read Mommsen once?

But I can't make it be
what it isn't by saying—
volleying shapes of truth deny me.

Multiple identity confuses—
there must be a single total,
all water, torrents of god-stuff.

Absurd delight in thinking
truth somehow resides in this
soliloquy about unique faucets?

Turn the faucet hard: it roars;
softly: a hot mist
issues fat manifestoes . . .

But essence? make that yourself;
it doesn't really exist
if you're not there to help.

The mind tires now (it always does)
of being all those things a faucet is,
with a character just as indeterminate—
the mind lets go its love.

A. W. Purdy

Seven Poems

IRVING LAYTON

MR. BEUTEL LAYS A CORNERSTONE

Near forlorn beaches
Turtles drop their eggs;
So do ostriches
And great blue herons
With delicate legs.
He so proudly furred
On his large estate
—No reptile or bird—
Lays his cornerstones
Stamped with name and date.

HOSTIA

This one deceives her husband with her eyes
And this one with a thousand proper lies;
Hostia, such is her regard for me,
Deceives me not at all but lets me see
The queer bites on her voluptuous thighs.

OUR COMMON FUTURE: OR THE PROGRESS OF SATIRE

Ehrenberg wishes to know
What's happened to satire;
Clearly, the fellow's perplexed,
Paces his dacha, vexed,
Muttering, 'Where did it go?'
Searches for it high and low,
Under the grey cement bags,
Under carpets—even rags!—
To turn it up with his toe.

Do pillows explode, and do
Dead ashes support a fire?
Unsifted, men wish to live,
Their thoughts sweetening the hive
While Sputniks float in full view
Like metal geese, two by two.
From cement bags, dear Ilya,
Is poured our common future:
A neutral dust with no hue.

ARBOREAL NATURE

Daughter to mother; son to father, cleaves;
Yet the tree has one sap for all its leaves.

BEUTEL'S NAME IS INSCRIBED FOR ETERNAL LIFE

As the angry hawk flies towards the sun,
Taking some small creature into the skies,
So shall your fame be taloned fast to mine
And like the clawed rodent rise as I rise.

THE CONVERTIBLE

Her breath already smelled of whiskey.
She lit a cigaret
And pointed to the flask in the glove compartment.
Then our mouths met.

She placed her hand on my groin.
She hadn't bothered to remove her wedding ring.
Her eyes closed with a sigh.
I was ready for the gathering.

You, Dulla, may prefer maidenheads;
But give me the bored young wives of Hampstead
Whose husbands provide them with smart
convertibles
And who are reasonably well-read.

AFTER THEOGNIS

Theognis prayed: "Let me drink the dark blood
Of my spoilers."—through your veins flows
black mud!
If I killed you, spilled out that evil stuff,
Where it fell, no grass would grow and no leaf;
Since I love fair Earth more than I hate you,
I'll grant you years, praying they might be few.

Film Review

► THE QUALITY AND VARIETY of recent films from France, Italy and Sweden has made the average moviegoer lose sight of the fact that at one time the German film industry produced movies of a high degree of excellence. In fact, between 1920 and 1935 the UFA was under state subsidy and was Hollywood's chief competitor for the world film market. The decline of the industry coincided with the rise of the Third Reich which was content to limit production of films to propaganda movies and documentaries. But the deathblow was struck by the Allies themselves when in 1945 the Potsdam Agreement divided the German state, giving Russia practically all of the Nazi film industry and certainly most of its machinery. It took fifteen years for the German producers to recover their confidence, and only now are the Russians making use of their legacy in their attempt to bolster a faltering industry which, two decades earlier, boasted of such men as Vertov, Pudovkin, Eisenstein and Dovzhenko.

One of the first post-war West German films to be widely shown outside Germany and widely acclaimed is *Rosemary*. If movies are indications of anything except the state within the industry itself, *Rosemary* attests to the vitality of German industry generally. The movie is a dramatization of the incidents leading to the murder of a widely-publicized Frankfurt prostitute, who specialized in blackmailing industrialists when they spoke too freely into the tape recorder hidden under her bed. Whatever *Rosemary* symbolized to West German audiences, its director Rolf Thiel has been careful to avoid any social comment outside the theme. For his efforts *Rosemary* was accorded the Venice Film Festival Critics Award.

Nadja Tiller plays the prostitute. She is, as the publicity releases state, "A Neat Package of Sex and Sauciness" and "The Angel in the black Mercedes-Benz!" It

is practically impossible for Miss Tiller to project any depth into the figure of a fallen woman who, in less than an hour and a half of screen time, seduces eight industrialists and then begins to blackmail each in turn. The director seems to be content to represent her as an aloof, dangerous but appealing figure, a far cry from the "good-bad" girl of Hollywood movies who, according to the study made by Martha Wolfenstein, manages to waive the illusion of wickedness with a heart of gold. Even the eight industrialists are emotional puppets, identical figures dressed in black tailored suits, who slam the doors of their identical black Mercedes-Benzes in quick succession. In fact, the scenes involving two or more of them are played for their comic effect alone. *Rosemary*, however, skirts at least two serious moral problems: adultery and an eventual murder occur without condemnation or guilt.

Even the cameraman cannot quite take himself seriously and explores a number of cinematic devices. A zoomar lens is employed with a wide screen to pinpoint tell-tale expressions. A dancer is arrested in the course of a dance to illustrate the scrutiny of her audience. The camera pans nervously back and forth over the figures of the executives at a board meeting to simulate the atmosphere of frenetic mental activity. More than once the camera is mobilized and forced to pass quickly from subject to subject in order to capture unusual designs and even the effect of blurring. These are employed with a dubbed soundtrack which capitalizes on slightly distorting natural sounds. Thus in the last scene, as Rosemary is being strangled in her apartment, eight Mercedes-Benzes idle on the street in front of the building. The sound of the engines is inhuman, for the weird metallic whining implies that she has been murdered by the system she tried to upset and not by the eight executives she tried to blackmail.

The story of Rosemary's rise from the streets to high society is told on one level and suggested on another. When she steps from a shabby room which she shares with the industrialists, the musicians continue to prey on her, and their songs throughout the rest of the film form an ironic Brechtian commentary on the movie itself. Near the end they find an understudy to replace Rosemary but in the closing scene she too moves up the mobile social ladder. Human relationships are seen to be established on mutual need. Money is always changing hands but never haphazardly. Someone is being bought off, someone is being used. Rosemary tries to use the musicians just as they used her. The eight industrialists feed on her the way she tries to feed on them. A former lover appears who in exchange for small favors instructs her in the use of his tape recorder. Now she can blackmail everyone, including her lover, but she is warned continually by even a street-corner evangelist that she cannot possibly succeed.

What Rosemary wants most is to marry the most eligible of the industrialists. When they realize that they cannot bribe her or reason with her, they have her murdered as efficiently as possible. Rosemary's street musicians had realized that a person cannot defy society and rise above his station but their understudy never mastered this lesson. So she had to die; she could not reach too far and expect to succeed. A refrain from one of the songs of the musicians is certainly indebted to Brecht and Weill, for it goes something to this effect: Society may be wrong, but it always wins.

It would be interesting to know what Siegfried Kracauer would have to say about *Rosemary*. Kracauer was the author of *From Caligari to Hitler: A Psychological History of the German Film*, a detailed, interesting and well-documented study first published in 1947 by Princeton University Press, but now reissued in paper covers by Noonday. "It is my contention," Kracauer wrote, "that through an analysis of the German films deep psychological dispositions predominant in Germany from 1918 to 1933 can be exposed—dispositions which influenced the course of events during that time and which will have to be reckoned with in the post-Hitler era." To prove his point Kracauer selects and analyzes some sixty commercial movies, commenting here and there on the themes and symbols which seem to be common to them all. *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, directed by Robert Wiene in 1919, is seen to be a landmark which established psychological cynicism and elaborate expressionism firmly in the German studios. In the figure of Caligari, who is at the same time the director of an asylum and a mad carnival hypnotist, the notion is expressed that insane authority is able to manipulate unresponsive men into violent activity.

The great German director Fritz Lang collaborated with Wiene. Two years later Lang's *Dr. Mabuse, the Gambler* identifies insane authority with the anonymous man on the street. By 1927 street films like Lang's *Metropolis* frankly favor the rebellion of the workers and the disintegration of the existing social order. Soon Kracauer notes that the alternatives to the *status quo* have been established: either the German people accept social tyranny or they accept chaos. Since the Germans have an inherent fear of chaos and a deep admiration for regimentation, the choice is made for them. In the middle thirties Goebbels sends for Lang and advises him on film production. Kracauer's study ends with a detailed analysis of the Nazi propaganda documentaries, *Baptism of Fire* and *Triumph of the Will*, which fulfill the promise of *Caligari*. One wonders what Kracauer would have to say about the post-war German cinema and the note of irony which seems most characteristic of it.

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

THE SUN IN JANUARY

That slow putting on the veil, those arctic
Looks began to irk; why on earth
You let your thighs be washed by
The ebb and swell of that virgin ash
Is almost beyond me. You're a fine
Sight from where I seethe, an anchorite,
Her veil drawn tight over her fear
While her shirtless buttocks leer.
That's why the summer madness
At this time of year, a slight reminder
I call the tune, and not your
Holy-picture, green-mold moon.
There's mud in your blood, girl,
Not snow; that's just for winter show.
The same damnable matter that stuck
To God's fingers sticks to your ribs
Now, my dear, when snow in this
January thaws, trickles through
To tease your heart like summer's singers.

John Paul Harney

THE VOYAGE

I at ship's prow
Wind-willed
Splashed with spume
See where white pencil
Hieroglyphs illume
Green heaving marble—
There where she plows
Cleaving for elbow-room.

How can a leaf ignite
A blade of grass leaned on
Leave markings on the cheek?
How can a stone, hand-held,
Be robin's egg?

Yet such things shock:
Furred crocus, spent with spring
Nips at my finger-tips;
A meadow-lark sparks air
But fires my throat

This land turn from
(Hurrying oversea)
Left long ago its negative
In my dark room

An acid word
A supercharged impulse
Reveals the shape
Develops the bare truth.

And you with your wild waves
Flagging me down
(Breath seized from lung,
Wind talking on my tongue)
Now hold me numb.
On the green glass where foam-white
pencil flies
Flashes the face I mourn.

Dorothy Livesay

REVELATION

There cannot
be a nine-tenths part of me
that I am not.
Lord, is the child
of human kind begot?

At the centre of the maze,
the reel unwound, eyes
stagger in the sudden noon;
doubts and selves swirl
like motes,
stain the heaving ground.

Ah, the scattered image!
careering through heaven's dome . . .
sew posies on the bathroom mat
and make it seem like home.

Isobel Jeffries

Turning New Leaves (1)

► ANY PARTY HISTORY should be concerned with two major issues: the underlying ideologies—their origin, development, and impact on events—and internal party politics which reveal each faction's struggle for power, together with the roles played by their respective leaders. Prevented from dealing with the latter by the non-existence or unavailability of the necessary documents, Professor Dziewanowski, the author of *The Communist Party of Poland*¹, chose to reject the former. He took instead the straight path of a narrator, thrusting theoretical considerations aside. Hence the book's straightforward narrative, factual and almost devoid of those hypothetical statements, tentative arguments and nuances which abound in a strictly analytical work. Yet it is not entirely free from pitfalls, for in the absence of guideposts provided by a discussion of ideology, the reader is apt to become lost in the maze of factual data. Dr. Dziewanowski's reading is indeed impressive: the amount of material sifted must have been immense. His book gives the most comprehensive treatment of the subject so far available in the West: it covers a period which no book published outside Poland has yet tried to encompass. Moreover, it possesses the degree of scholarship normally expected of the product of a leading university press. The author modestly says that his self-imposed task was to gather the material available in the West (he corroborated some of the findings during his trip to Poland in 1958) and organize it as an introduction to a history of the Polish Communist movement. In this he has undoubtedly succeeded. But a broader theoretical treatment which would consider the interplay of theory and practice is still lacking—and it is the latter type of study, together with an account of the party's organizational development (which the growing number of defections from Poland will ultimately make possible), that political scientists would like to see in the future.

Apart from its value as a piece of scholarly historical research, the book offers some insights into the working of present-day Communism in Poland. After 1945, the history of the Party became for obvious reasons the history of the State, thereby rendering the historian's task more difficult and responsible. However, the author has failed to achieve the ultimate goal of presenting the growth of the Polish political structure interwoven with party politics. His preoccupation with factual issues makes him reluctant to cope with the "ideological superstructure" without which Communist politics are not intelligible. This lack of interest in ideology, together with his reluctance to speculate, causes him earlier to pass rather lightly over the important issue of the dissolution of the CPP by Stalin in 1938. He assembles all the available facts but offers no ideological explanation. In the pre-World War II period, Polish Communist leaders frequently opposed Moscow in matters of doctrine. This led to Stalin's decision to put the CPP under supervision of the Comintern, purge it, invite its leaders to Moscow in order to kill them off, and finally to dissolve the Party.

Dr. Dziewanowski's redeeming feature is his histori-

¹THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF POLAND: AN OUTLINE OF HISTORY: M. K. Dziewanowski; Saunders; pp. xvi, 369; \$9.00.

cal sense: in spinning the thread of Party history, he does not fail to perceive certain issues that have assumed importance today. The problem of party autonomy is one of them. Gomulka's struggle to retain autonomy while adhering to the "socialist" camp represents the dilemma of his rule. It carries a faint echo—as some like to believe—of the tradition of Poland's pre-1918 socialist movement, whose aim was national independence. Today Gomulka finds a measure of support among the Polish public, which is preoccupied with national problems rather than with international Communist goals. The most vital of these is still—as it has always been—the survival of the Polish nation.

DR. WIEWIORA'S BOOK, *The Polish-German Frontier from the Standpoint of International Law*², the first monograph in English on the Oder-Neisse issue to emerge from Poland, deals with a problem not only vital to the entire Polish nation but also of crucial importance in current international politics. The author, who is a member of the Faculty of Law at the University of Poznan, explains systematically in juristic terms such problems as the right of self-determination (p. 19) and the concept of frontier delimitation (p. 101). He refers to certain political or juridico-political principles (such as security from the threat of aggression and revindication of territories) which affect the applicability of juristic devices and preclude a discussion in purely legal terms. On the other hand, Dr. Wiewiora refrains from introducing social, economic and ethical aspects with which many writers dealing with this subject have been concerned. His book is free from those mystical and emotional undertones that can be felt in the writings of some German revisionists. It also avoids, while remaining sufficiently technical, that narrowly juristic approach which may so easily serve as the vehicle for tendentious interpretations.

How imprecise are the tools of the discipline to which the book belongs has been pointed out by Professor Klafkowsky, whose preface introduces the work: "There are no norms of International Law which would regulate such exceptional situations as the unconditional surrender of Germany and the ensuing legal consequences" (p. xvii). This lack of norms may easily place international law in a precarious situation, liable to become the victim of power politics. And it adds to the challenge that a modern jurist must face. The latter's dilemma is that although aware that what matters is the intention to implement an agreement and not its particular form (consequently that a *de jure* settlement is of less consequence than the *de facto* state of affairs)—he is still professionally concerned with legal solutions. Dr. Wiewiora is guided by a juristic solution which apparently originated with Professor Klafkowsky. According to the latter, the Potsdam Agreement settled the Polish-German frontier *de jure* and not merely *de facto*, so that attempts to obtain recognition of Poland's title to the recovered territories and to redefine the frontier at the future peace conference not only lack juridical value but constitute an abuse of the law (p. 201). This rational argument may serve as a memorandum to official circles in Warsaw, intent on obtaining West Germany's recognition of the Oder-Neisse line as a perma-

nent frontier between Poland and Germany. Such recognition would be a major political success but legally unimportant. The recent history of international relations has demonstrated the limited value of treaties and agreements: major powers have frequently changed their policies without regard for existing contracts.

In presenting the Polish point of view—whose focal point is that the recovered territories are no longer German (both *de jure* and *de facto*)—the author grapples with current German revisionism, whose advocates are questioning the validity of the Potsdam Agreement and trying to muster the support of the Western democracies in order to reverse the Allies' early postwar decisions. A student of the Central European political scene will find interesting references to the revisionist manoeuvres of the West Germans, who have neither presented sound legal arguments nor provided the basis for effective political action. He will feel that the Western democracies should be wary, lest a revision of the Oder-Neisse line awaken the German appetite for East Prussia. He will sense that the West is bent on preserving the status quo, while the Soviet Union remains the effective guarantor of the Oder-Neisse line.

Polish jurists agree on the irreversibility of the frontier, mainly on the grounds that the recovered territories are now inhabited by a Polish population that has accepted the sovereignty of the Polish State and that they constitute a part of Germany's war reparations.

Dr. Wiewiora's book gives a good deal of attention to the problems of resettlement and population transfer, as a result of which the recovered territories have acquired a homogeneous Polish population. The author stresses that these transfers, a direct consequence of the frontier settlement, were supported by the Western Powers and are regarded, in international law, as a step toward ensuring Poland's sovereignty over the territories in question. He also discusses the impact of the possible reunification of Germany on the Oder-Neisse question and finds it legally irrelevant. The political implications of such a change may, however, be important: they are related to a number of unknown factors which are bound to affect the issue. But there the juridical problem ends.

W. J. STANKIEWICZ

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²THE POLISH-GERMAN FRONTIER FROM THE STANDPOINT OF INTERNATIONAL LAW: Bleslaw Wiewiora; Wydawnictwo Zachodnie; pp. xxxii, 224.

Turning New Leaves (2)

► IT IS DIFFICULT to arrive at a final estimate of the value of this book*. It is an interesting attempt at the development of a theme and the application of a literary mode of analysis to philosophic matter. But as a dependable guide to moral philosophy it is subject to severe limitations.

The book is based upon a series of lectures offered to undergraduate students of English at Cambridge University as an introduction to English moral thought considered *sub specie amoris*. Its secondary object is to show how the skills of literary criticism may be found useful in the study of philosophical works. The author's analysis of the similarities and differences in poetic and philosophic modes of thought appealed to the reviewer as the most helpful and authentic section of the book.

Adopting as a norm the question of the nature and importance of love in moral life, the author distinguishes three traditions of moral thought: the Platonic-Christian tradition, with Plato (Socrates), Paul and Augustine as representatives; the Secular or Utilitarian tradition, with Aristotle, Hobbes and Hume as representatives; and the modern Humanist tradition as represented by Mill, Arnold, Bradley and D. H. Lawrence. However, the book is actually divided into two parts, part one being an analysis of religious and secular views, part two an analysis of humanist views. It becomes quite apparent that the author is convinced that Humanism in general is the fulfilment of all that is intellectually valid in the religious and secular moral traditions, while "religious" Humanism in particular (as distinguished from scientific and naturalistic varieties) is the ripe fruit of all that is true and good in the tradition which stems from Plato and Christ.

The author, while refusing as teacher to preach, believes that the world today stands in dire need of gospel of redemption, more believing, more hopeful, and more loving than any so far proclaimed. Her analysis of the three moral traditions shows that all moral views of man thus far seem to be wanting in their conception of the nature of the good life and their faith in the capacity of man to be transformed by the power of love which is the ideal good. Even the Christ, though he did believe in man's capacity to be redeemed by love, was deficient in his understanding of love and thus failed to embody it perfectly in a human life. It is only when in the Humanist tradition we come to D. H. Lawrence, with his "The Man Who Died," that we catch the prophetic vision of what is needed to complete and perfect that which is lacking in the message and the person of the Christ. It was given to Lawrence to see that it is sexual love which is the supremely redemptive kind.

However, even Lawrence's vision is distorted by pride and fear. Miss Krook attempts to remove the distortion. She would do so by rewriting the beginning of Lawrence's story of the Man who rose from the dead so that He would appear, not as Lawrence represents Him as one disillusioned and disgusted with His teaching of the loss of self in love, but simply with a sense of not having comprehended completely the love in which one ought, if he would be saved, to lose himself. He is

thought to come back from the dead conscious of his need for a co-redemptrix (the image is mine)—not a "mother" but a "wife." So, as in Lawrence's story, He would go to mate with Isis in the temple and come forth Messiah entire. However, since Christ is really dead, and this gospel of ideal love is so far only fable, we have yet to look forward to the historical messiah, the ideally perfect man who will embody this word in flesh.

This, then, is the point to which Miss Krook's historical analysis of English moral traditions considered from the point of view of love has led. She thinks her findings have indicated the logical possibility of such a gospel of love, one consistent with the demands of reason and suited to the needs of modern man. She also suggests that her work "may have the limited value of preparing the mind (and perhaps the heart too) for the reality which when it breaks upon the world will vindicate the logic by consuming it with fire."

Whether or not the book will have this or any other lasting effect upon the reader I cannot say. For myself I found the structure and argument of the work more interesting than the interpretation of the philosophers (and the Apostle) accurate. The author seems to have a "thing" about Aristotle. It may be that for a lecturer in English his literary style gets in the way of a fair treatment. At one point where Miss Krook seeks to show, "against a view commonly held," that Aristotle's conception of the ideal man is "directed specifically against the historic Socrates," she becomes involved in the neatest bit of circular argument that one has seen in many a day.

The author accuses Christian thought of having separated morality from religion, whereas she is committed to the wedding of the two, albeit by stripping the word religion of any traditional meaning and making it virtually synonymous with a eudaemonic morality. At times she seems to identify Christianity with the teaching of the Church, at other times with the teaching of Christ which she opposes to the Church, and at still other times with the experience Paul has of Christ. It is all rather confusing, especially when she speaks of "true Christianity" being transcended and fulfilled in "true Humanism," yet nowhere shows clearly what is meant by "true Christianity." It becomes clear that "true Humanism" is her own.

Similar confusion is to be found where she speaks of the lack in Socrates of a gospel to declare. His "reason" needs to be completed by Paul's "revelation." But later on Miss Krook quotes Arnold, apparently with favor, to the effect that revelation is simply what is natural to man experienced with a particular degree of intensity. Then it is that we no longer understand what Socrates lacked, unless it be genius.

If the author believes that Lawrence is the first to discover the ideal of sexual love she has never read "The Song of Solomon"; and if she thinks that all Christians regard this particular part of biblical tradition with suspicion, she has yet to make the acquaintance of such outstanding contemporary theologians as Tillich and Barth. Of course she is right when she says that no Christian would speak of sexual love as the "supremely redemptive form of love." But what it means for her to say that is not altogether clear. For she speaks of it as springing "from the tenderness which is antecedent to love and always presupposed by love and is sustained by the true union of heart and mind." How sexual love can

*THREE TRADITIONS OF MORAL THOUGHT: Dorothea Krook; Macmillan; pp. 355; \$5.00.

be supremely redemptive when it needs to be preceded, supported and sustained by qualities of mind and heart which it itself does not provide, is very difficult to understand.

In sum, the merit of the book is that its language and style are apt to capture the interest of those, particularly with a literary bent of mind, who have little or no knowledge of moral philosophy. But one could hope that, once captured, the interest of the reader will lead him on to a study of the authors and subjects discussed in the book. Then he will be able to discover how much of this work is a reflection of its author's own predilections rather than a historical and analytical account of English moral philosophy which it purports to be.

WILLIAM O. DENNELL

Books Reviewed

THE GREEN GABLES LETTERS, From L. M. Montgomery to Ephraim Weber, 1905-1909: edited by Wilfred Eggleston; Ryerson; pp. 102; \$4.00.

It is more than fifty years since the publication of L. M. Montgomery's first novel, and it is now possible to make a reasonable appraisal of her literary importance. It no longer matters that Mark Twain liked Anne and thought that she was the best thing of her kind since Lewis Carroll's Alice; it is only of passing interest, now, that Miss Montgomery received letters from readers all over the world, or that the post office was able to deliver letters directed to fictional people in fictional places. What counts is that Lucy Maud was one of the earliest Canadian writers to achieve real success on the international literary scene (if one discounts Haliburton as pre-Canadian, then Parker and Connor are her only significant predecessors). *Anne of Green Gables* and its two sequels sold well over a million copies in the United States and Canada; and the sale abroad—in England, Australia, and in many European translations—probably equalled or surpassed this figure. L. M. Montgomery deserves recognition as an important contributor to the image of Canada which the world at large, and Europe in particular, was forming during the early years of this century. The author of *Anne of Green Gables* must be afforded a permanent, if somewhat minor, niche in the Canadian hall of literary fame; in spite of today's distaste for sentiment, pathos, and slick journalism, her first novel must be recognized as a minor classic in the realm of juvenile fiction. These compliments may seem overly qualified; but to say less would be unjust; and to say more would be condescending or chauvinistic.

Under these circumstances, it seems most pretentious to publish a group of fifteen letters by the authoress, arbitrarily selected from the many hundreds which she must have written, and suggest that they have some unusual significance. The title of this collection implies that the chosen letters have some connection with the writing of a great book; the jacket advertising goes further, stating that the included letters are those of "the years of the gestation and birth" of Lucy Maud's masterpiece. But in fact *Green Gables* is mentioned only briefly and in passing, and then usually deprecatingly. *The Green Gables Letters* is not quite what it claims to be.

The reason for the arbitrary selection is clearly stated

in the opening words of the acknowledgments: the man to whom these letters were written was a close friend of the editor. This slim volume is a labor of love, a kind of memorial to a man to whom the editor owes a great personal debt. Ephraim Weber was something of a tragic figure. In his early life he was an unsuccessful journalist forced to eke out a meagre existence as a solitary farmer in Saskatchewan; later he was a frustrated scholar forced into high-school teaching in such places as Lajord, Outlook, Oxbow, and Battleford, when his graduate work in German literature was abruptly terminated by the outbreak of the first world war. Finally, as a sort of climax to his life of quite undeserved frustration, he was forced into retirement by the depression. In his early days as an embryonic journalist, he was an avid reader of all the Canadian and American popular periodicals which were the literary market of the time. Drawn to her through her successful magazine work in both prose and poetry, Weber entered into correspondence with Lucy Maud. The two proved to be "kindred spirits" in the best sense of Anne's terminology, and their platonic but intimate relationship was to last until Lucy Maud's death in 1942.

The letters are charming enough, and give some insight into Lucy Maud's working methods, and particularly into the problems of getting into print in the early nineteen hundreds. There are a few developments of interesting ideas: they exchanged unconventional views on the divinity of Christ, the nature of Hell, evolution, and the like. And some of the books that Lucy Maud refers to are interesting, for along with the expected Wordsworth and Scott one finds, surprisingly enough, people like Emerson, Whitman, Jack London, and even Upton Sinclair. Throughout, however, there is a good deal of trivia. The editorial paraphernalia never makes it clear why this particular selection has been made from the available Weber collection (now fortunately deposited in the National Archives); nor does it indicate what further Montgomery material might be available, or might be of interest.

But the book has its virtues. It suggests that L. M. Montgomery had resources of understanding and imagination that her journalistic type of writing never really called upon. The book has some value too as corrective scholarship, for among other emendations to the general picture, it proves the falsity of the generally received myth that Lucy Maud sold the rights to *Anne of Green Gables* for \$500.00. The letters show clearly that she obtained the standard 10 per cent royalty contract, and that the Anne books were indeed remunerative for the struggling young Canadian journalist. And finally, Professor Eggleston's collection of an unsatisfyingly few Montgomery letters does a service by pointing up the fact that there is still a great store of Canadian literary material waiting to be called upon; there is still much to be done.

S. ROSS BEHARREL

THE NOVELS OF HENRY GREEN: By Edward Stokes; Toronto; Irwin & Co. Ltd.; 1959; pp. 248; \$4.75.

It is eight years since Henry Vincent Yorke, managing director of H. Pontifex and Sons, manufacturers of equipment for the food and drink trade, and more widely known under the name of Henry Green, last published a novel, and a dozen years since he published one

of significance, so the body of his work to date may now be seen in reasonable perspective. His first book came out as early as 1926 and his last thus far in 1952, but the novels on which his reputation mainly rests almost all belong to the 1940's or just before: *Party Going, Caught, Loving, Back, Concluding*. Apart from Joyce Cary's, these surely represent the most substantial achievement in English fiction during this period.

Surprisingly little has been written about Green's Novels. Edward Stokes, the author of the first full-length study of them, suggests that they are elusive for the critic because of their considerable use of such poetic devices as imagery, symbolism, and manipulation of language. One might have thought that these would have assured detailed scrutiny in our era of critical rigor. It might in fact be closer to the truth to conjecture that Green's novels haven't appeared sufficiently challenging to interest the modern critic—they do not seem to demand the special skills of the expicator. His stories resist the usual kinds of fictional analysis; the oblique social commentary lying below the often apparently trivial surface action is not of a sort that can be easily abstracted. Green avoids like the plague anything which might smack of political attitude or philosophical speculation.

Stokes admits from the start that plot summary and character analysis are even less satisfactory than usual as a means of coming to grips with Green's novels. Nevertheless he begins with a fairly conventional chronological survey of the books in order to sketch in some over-all characteristics: the distinctive stylistic idiosyncrasies; the concern with themes of disintegration and dissolution, always tempered by a belief in the possibility of happy endings; the peculiar fusion, varying from novel to novel, of accurate realism with poetic symbolism. Without adopting a Jamesian "point of view" or Cary-like, immersing himself in a character, Green brings "objectively" to life in accurate dialogue and resourceful narrative the very texture of particular experience.

Stokes' most considerable attribute as a critic, apart from his lucidity and good sense, is his thoroughness; he has no patience with the irresponsible impressionism which so often passes as novel-criticism. He does not shirk, rather he seems almost to welcome the arduous labors facing the reader who wants to bolster his intuitive generalizations with cold facts. For instance, his comments on Green's techniques of fictional presentation are backed up by scrupulous analyses of all of the novels but *Blindness*, and, for purpose of comparison, four each of Elizabeth Bowen's novels and Ivy Compton-Burnett's. As a result he is able to give, by actual count, the exact proportions of scene, summary, description, character exposition and revelation, commentary, and so on, in all of these novels. Moreover, he manages his machinery with great tact, never allowing it to obtrude unduly, keeping it strictly in its place as an adjunct, always alert to the limitations of the statistical approach to works of the imagination. He is just as thorough in the section of his study devoted to "styles and manners." Here he counts adjectives and verbs and sentence-lengths, and undertakes analyses of syntax. He establishes not only the number of "non-dialogue" sentences of various lengths per thousand in each of Green's novels, but also the number of words per thousand in sentences of various lengths.

Is all this conscientious counting really necessary? Cannot the perceptive critic accomplish just as much by immersing himself in the imaginative world of the novel? Unfortunately not, as Stokes more than once demonstrates by deflating a windy generalization with a few sharp statistics. Admittedly, many of Stokes' word-counts only serve to substantiate judgments that were arrived at in the first instance without their aid. And after the statistics have been accumulated they must be "interpreted"—and here of course the imagination must take over. Stokes would be the first to acknowledge that stylistic and technical criticism of fiction can never be reduced to mathematical precision, and to admit that his own statistical methods are rather crude. However, though skilled mathematicians with intricate computers could produce much more accurate descriptions, Stokes' simple arithmetic serves his purpose well and perhaps because of its very simplicity never gets in the way of his final aim—the total view of the novels as works of art.

In one of its aspects, Stokes' study is an important demonstration of what "close" reading can accomplish if applied with both tact and rigor to prose fiction. It demonstrates also that analytical criticism need not result in desiccated prose, even when replete with statistics. His book sends us back to the novels of Henry Green with renewed interest and insight.

JOHN STEDMOND

THE OBSERVER AND J. L. GARVIN 1908-1914:
Alfred M. Collin; Toronto, Oxford University Press;
pp. xiii, 445; \$9.00.

For anyone interested in British politics and journalism in the decade before World War I this is a fascinating book. J. L. Garvin, born an Irish Catholic and in his early days an enthusiastic supporter of the Irish nationalist cause, took on the editorship of the high-class Sunday paper, the *Observer*, in 1908 under the ownership of Lord Northcliffe. He proceeded to make it the leading exponent among London papers of the extreme right-wing Tory point of view. He practically led the party into throwing out the Lloyd George budget of 1909, and then into the last-ditch opposition to the Parliament Bill. After he and Northcliffe parted company in 1911 over the food taxes, the *Observer* continued under his editorship and the ownership of the Astors as the chief extremist opponent to Irish Home Rule. Shortly before the war it was supporting a particular Tory scheme to throw out the annual Army Act in the Lords as a way to undermine the authority of the Liberal government to maintain law and order.

Professor Collin, who is an American professor of history in the University of California, subtitled his volume "A Study in a Great Editorship." He evidently believes that the Tory decision to throw out the Budget in 1909 was a mistake, and he frequently applies the adjective "un-English" to later excesses in opposition policy. An editorship which so consistently took the extreme line and contributed so greatly to the dangerous bitterness of British politics just before 1914, helping to bring the country to the verge of civil war, can hardly, it seems to me, be called great. But I used to read the Garvin leading articles in the three years before 1914. And I still feel that the man who produced these verbose, hysterical outpourings should have had his record examined by a contemporary psychiatrist, if there are any such people interested in the politics of the past,

rather than by a detached American professor of history.

The book is specially interesting, apart from the thrilling story that it tells, for several points. One is the light that it throws on the myth, so beloved by our Canadian political scientists, that the British cabinet system prevents those interventions into controversial politics by members of the official government service which are so deplored by us when we observe them in Washington. The account here of how Fisher at the Admiralty supplied Garvin with all the most intimate secrets of government naval policy, as part of his personal war against Beresford, is simply hair-raising.

The picture of Northcliffe as publisher, based on his private correspondence with Garvin, is more favorable than most of those that have been given us during the past thirty years. On the other hand, the picture of our two Canadian immigrants to Britain, Max Aitken and his Charlie McCarthy, Bonar Law, is a good deal less favorable than that which the Beaver has been careful to build up in his own reminiscences. Aitken was apparently in these years by no means the dedicated supporter of Imperial Preference that one would have expected. Professor Collin's account of how the Canadian struggle in 1911 over Reciprocity with the United States affected the inner circles of British toryism is very illuminating.

What emerges from the book as a whole is the effectiveness of Garvin's journalism as long as he was in close confidential touch with the politicians who were making policy, as long as he was fighting Fisher's battle for the eight Dreadnoughts in 1908-1909 or working with Balfour against the Budget and Parliament Act. He was read because he expounded so accurately the policies of his friends in high places. After Bonar Law became Conservative leader Garvin lost this close personal contact, and his editorials became too obviously the turgid rhetoric that they had really always been. Still he could switch from this violent stuff to preaching moderation most persuasively when he was supporting efforts towards some bi-partisan solution of the deadlock over the House of Lords or Home Rule. But the most effective part of Professor Collin's achievement is his demonstration of the terrifying logical progression which drives right-wing extremists, in their horror of the threat of "socialism," step by step from opposition to the Budget in 1909 to the verge of civil war in 1914. British politics, when Englishmen lose their capacity for moderation, is not an inspiring spectacle.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HORE-BELISHA: R. J. Minney; Collins; pp. 320; \$6.00.

In 1937, at the age of forty-three, Leslie Hore-Belisha, a National Liberal of Spanish Jewish extraction, was appointed Secretary of State for War. Despite the small number of National Liberal M.P.'s, he was selected by the new prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, because of his previous success as Minister of Transport and the prime minister's conviction that much reorganization was necessary at the War Office. Although Chamberlain was to praise him as the greatest war minister since Haldane, in December, 1939 he asked Hore-Belisha to retire from his post and become president of the Board of Trade. Hore-Belisha refused the offer and resigned, never again to play a leading part in public life. What

happened? In *The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha* (he did not live to complete his autobiography) we are at last given his side of the story. At the time of his resignation the papers talked of "a conspiracy of brass hats." To a considerable extent this charge can be supported, as Minney's book indicates. But it was not quite that simple. Hore-Belisha was ambitious, hard-driving, and determined not to be a "rubber stamp," as he himself said. He was well skilled in the arts of publicity, because of his years of experience as a journalist, and abrupt in manner. As he wrote in his diary after Lord Chatfield had chided him mildly for a peremptory phrasing of a letter "I admitted that I erred on the side of emphasis when I attached importance to anything." When he took office he was repelled by the outlook of his senior advisers and wrote the prime minister that one of the problems he had to tackle was "the vitalization of a stagnant atmosphere." Accordingly, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff was asked to resign and there were so many accompanying changes that Malcolm MacDonald passed him a note at a Cabinet meeting, "Dear Stalin, have you shot any more generals this morning?" To strengthen his hand he secured private advice from the military correspondent Captain Liddell Hart, even to the point of consulting him on promotions. All this and, probably, his antecedents when combined with publicity stunts quickly created a hostile atmosphere in senior circles. It was reflected in 1938 by the so-called revolt of the Junior Ministers against him. But Hore-Belisha still held his chief's confidence and was mainly responsible for securing the adoption of conscription in peace time. When war came, many of those he had retired or passed over were back in service and men whom he had himself promoted, such as Gort and Ironside, were practically won over against him.

Both the King and the prime minister were made aware of the senior officers' feelings (in this connection Mr. Minney does not appear to have used Sir John Wheeler-Bennett's life of King George VI), while Hore-Belisha greatly under-estimated them. Finally, Chamberlain decided that "nothing could be worse than perpetual friction and want of confidence between the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief in the field." Once again, professional soldiers and civilian ministers had clashed, and in war-time the soldiers usually win. Both groups might reflect with profit on the implications of what is revealed in this book.

F. H. SOWARD

The Selected Writings of WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE

edited by
MARGARET FAIRLEY

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